The Outlook

December 26, 1923

Keystone

General Adolfo de la Huerta, the Mexican insurgent

International

General P. Elias Calles, rival of General de la Huerta

The Case of Mr. Heaton

IN a small Episcopal church in Fort Worth, Texas, the rector preached last March a sermon in which he said:

Consecrated Christian men differ much in their interpretation of the ancient creeds, and each succeeding generation must reinterpret for itself "the faith once and for all delivered to the saints." For instance: There are those who cling with unquestioning minds to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth as a statement of physical fact; while others have been moved to analyze it, and have discovered in it spiritual truths that transcend what the form of words themselves so imperfectly express.

There are those among us who believe that Jesus was in all things and in every way both God and man; the incarnate of God, and the son of Joseph. This is my own opinion. And there is room in the Church both for those who must thus reconcile theology with religion as well as for those whose religion is theology.

On November 2 the bishops of the Episcopal Church issued a pastoral letter in which they insisted that all clergymen in the Church must acknowledge the belief that Jesus was born of a virgin. To his pastoral letter we referred at the time.

Promptly the Coadjutor Bishop of Texas undertook proceedings against the Fort Worth rector, the Rev. Lee W. Heaton.

Under the rules of the Episcopal Church, the bishops have no right of themselves to establish doctrine or the interpretation of doctrine. Their pastoral letter, therefore, was merely the expression of the bishops' views, and not the authorized and authoritative statement of the Church. Nevertheless their pronouncement had necessarily great weight, and the rector in their comparatively obscure church seemed very much alone when he encountered these prelates. Fortunately, Mr. Heaton has found friends—among them the Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Church, Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's, Dr. Leighton Parks, all of New York City, and Dr. Stuart Tyson, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, himself a resident of New Jersey.

The Rev. Leighton Parks is the rector of one of the richest and most influential churches in the country, St. Bartholomew's, of New York City. On Sunday, December 17, Dr. Parks, having laid aside his canonical vestments, preached to his congregation in his doctor's robe, symbolizing his right to speak with knowledge on the subject of doctrine, and in his sermon withstood those who were trying to impose on the teachers of the Church a reactionary belief. If they continue, the people may begin to ask themselves, said Dr. Parks, whether they are justified in denying themselves to help build cathedrals which some day may become shrines of superstition.

What Mr. Heaton said is precisely the same sort of thing that leaders in the Anglican Church of all parties have been saying. Dr. Parks asked why proceedings are not begun against him, or against Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, or against Dr. Worcester of Immanuel Church, Boston, or against Dr. Bowie of Grace Church, New York. He denounced in no uncertain terms the proceedings begun against an obscure (though, as it has proved, not altogether friendless or helpless) rector in a small church.

Every new threat of a heresy trial seems more antiquated and futile than the one before. Truth is never established in that way. The real heretics are those who would substitute theories about things and happenings for the life of the spirit as a basis for religion. The real heretics are those who believe that truth can be propagated by intimidation. To-day every such proceeding injures the Church, for it puts it on the level with the exclusive private club.

The Mexican Revolution

As the situation in Mexico clears itself to American eyes, it becomes increasingly evident that the cause of the quarrel revolves closely around the ambitions and personalities of two men, Plutarco Elias Calles and Adolfo de la Huerta. President Obregon has all along tried to work amicably with men of different views and theories, and has run against the obstacle of trying to carry on his own reasonably just policies through men who are partisan or untrustworthy. Calles was forced to resign his place as Minister of the Interior because of his extreme radicalism. Yet Obregon continued to advocate Calles as successor to the Presidency until revolt broke out. A correspondent of the New York "Times," Mr. Walter Littlefield, declares that Calles is an admirer of Lenine, that he

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has advocated communism in mines and land, and that his followers used violence toward hostile members of the Chamber of Deputies and paraded under the red flag of Socialism. His conservative rival, Señor de la Huerta, who a few weeks ago resigned his office as Minister of Finance, went to the other extreme, ultra-conservatism. His successor as Minister of Finance made a formal report to Obregon charging Huerta with extravagant and illegal use of public money.

Each of these men built up a fiercely excited group of adherents. The Huerta party started revolutionary propaganda in many States. Local leaders, always glad of the excitement of a revolution and of the possibilities of loot and power, plotted revolt in the usual Mexican fashion. Actual outbreaks, a "march on the capital"—really half a dozen marches toward the capital—followed. The question to be solved is whether the people and the army will support Obregon. Present indications are that Obregon has given satisfaction as an executive, but there will be a bitter fight to the end between those who plot to succeed him when his term expires next summer.

The military news from Mexico is indecisive and contradictory. At this writing (December 18) there is a report of what may prove to be a battle of importance, waged for the possession of Apizaco and San Marcos in western Vera Cruz, and it is rumored that the rebels have retreated from Puebla, a town of that State. The struggle here is evidently for the control of an important railway junction.

American Claims Against Mexico

It is probable that the new Congress will approve the claims conventions between the United States and Mexico.

The two conventions were negotiated by the American-Mexican Commission, which journeyed to Mexico City in May of this year and accomplished its purpose late in the summer. Representatives of the two countries signed the agreements in Washington on September 8, preparatory to their submission to the respective Congresses.

President Coolidge, in referring to the successful efforts of the international Commission in negotiating the conventions with Mexico, is credited with the statement: "It is more than the settlement of a long-standing, complex, and difficult series of differences between the Republic of Mexico and our own country."

In the issue of
January 9
The Outlook
will begin a series
of special articles on
the background of
Mexican affairs
by
Edward Corsi

That the influence and results of the conventions between the two countries providing for governmental recognition of liabilities ignored by a succession of Mexican Presidents and administrators, *de facto* and *de jure*, go far beyond the limits of that purpose is an opinion shared alike by the officials of both Governments. Participants in the negotiations at Mexico City, including the former American Ambassador to Japan, Charles Beecher Warren, and John Barton Payne on behalf of the United States, and Señor Manuel C. Tellez, Chargé d'Affaires of Mexico in Washington, were unanimously laudatory of the agreements as ushering in a new period of close feelings between the United States and Mexico.

Two commissions of three members each, one to be appointed by the President of the United States, one by the President of Mexico, and the third by mutual agreement between the two Governments, or by the President of the Permanent Administrative Council of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague in case of disagreement, will be created under the terms of the conventions. These commissions will be known as the General Claims Commission, for the settlement of general claims against both Governments, and the Special Claims Commission, confined to the settlement of claims arising through revolutionary acts accompanying the disturbed and turbulent conditions in Mexico within the period from November 20, 1910, to May 31, 1920. Sessions of the General Commission will be held in Washington, while the Special Commission will meet in Mexico City, although both commissions have the power to fix the time and place of subsequent meetings. First meetings must be held within six months after the exchange of ratifications of the respective conventions.

While terms of the two conventions have been withheld from the public pending Congressional approval, it is known that they are liberal in scope in defining allowable claims and providing for their adjudication. For instance, the State Department formally has announced that the General Claims Commission will decide all claims for losses or damages originating from the acts of officials or others acting for either Government and resulting in injustice. Further, the same Commission also will decide claims of citizens of either country against the other for losses or damages suffered by persons or by their properties or by companies in which they have an interest. The Special Claims Commission will decide all claims arising during the ten-year period from 1910 to 1920 from acts of revolutionary or federal forces as well as mobs and bandits, provided the Mexican authorities are proved to have been negligent in protecting foreign interests.

Who Is to Govern England?

To all intents and purposes the House of Commons governs England. But in the present peculiar situation the question is, Who or what party is to control in the House of Commons? Government by unwritten constitution has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. In this country, for instance, our written supreme law, the Constitution and its Amendments, is a plain chart to sail by. If we imagine the present radical bloc in Congress to be about three times as large as it is, there would be a surface resemblance to the situation in England, but only a surface resemblance. Whatever happens in Congress, the President continues to be head of the Government and head of his party. In England the Prime Minister and his Cabinet normally go out if they have not the support of a majority in Parliament. No party now has a majority; a new election more than probably might not change that situation; a coalition to bring about a majority is generally looked on with disfavor. The English method of government which rests on precedents and established principles and ultimately on the power of the Commons to control the purse, has

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Slubber Not Business

(Merchant of Venice, Act II, Scene 8)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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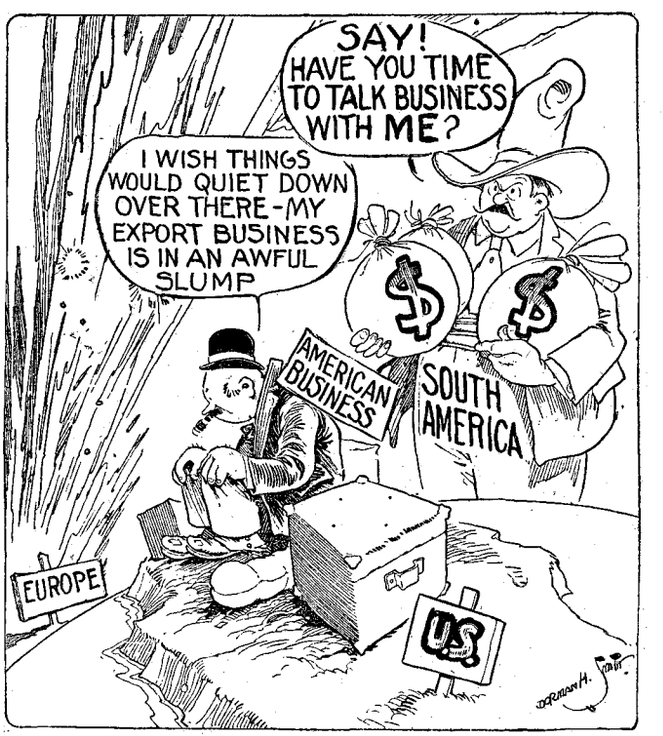
Now that we're tuned in

From Mrs. E. M. Henwood, Urbana, Ill.

Dorman H. Smith in the Saginaw (Mich.) News Courier


SAY!
HAVE YOU TIME TO TALK BUSINESS WITH ME?
I WISH THINGS WOULD QUIET DOWN OVER THERE-MY EXPORT BUSINESS IS IN AN AWFUL SLUMP
AMERICAN BUSINESS
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
U.S.

Gold mine in his own back yard

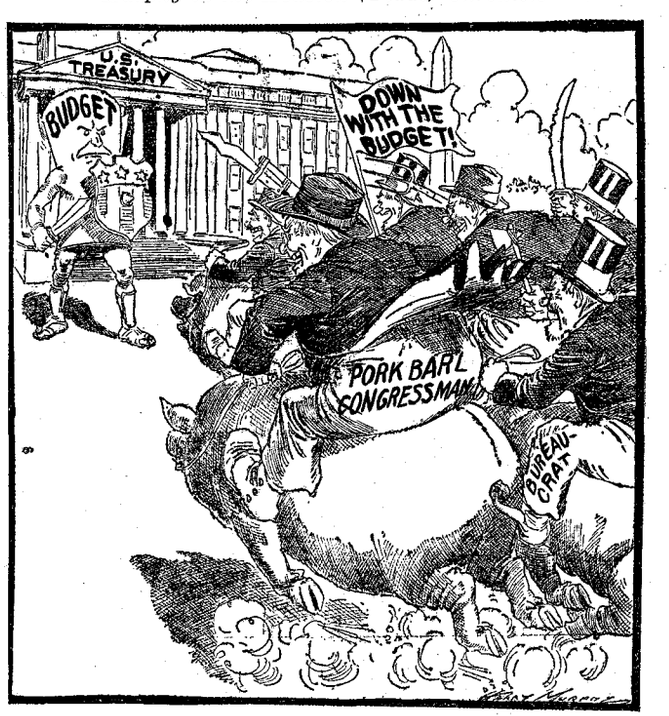
From Lieut. C. A. Tinker, Washington, D. C.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

'Twixt love and duty

From H. D. C. Hamilton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Murphy in the Houston (Texas) Chronicle



Charge of the Pork Brigade

From Mrs. J. Wood Parker, Buckholts, Texas

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usually met defects by self-adjustment, just as a tree will change the direction of its growing branches when they meet obstacles.

Mr. Baldwin is still Prime Minister, and his Ministry have in council decided that the Government should not resign before it is actually defeated in Parliament. This challenge has been accepted by Ramsay Macdonald, the leader of the Labor Party, and that party has announced its intention to form a Government (that is, to turn out the Conservatives by an adverse vote) as soon as opportunity presents itself. It can do this perfectly easily, but equally easily the Labor Party can be defeated and put out of control in its turn.

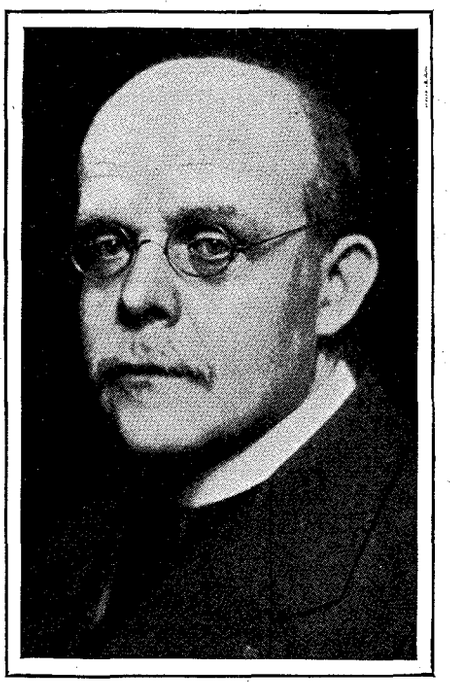
The Labor Party, in view, as its resolution says, of the overwhelming rejection at the last election of the Conservatives' proposal to deal with unemployment through protection, now demands that the Government at once announce some feasible method of meeting the all-important problem of the unemployed and that it furnish relief from "the intense suffering now experienced by large numbers of workless and dependents."

So the matter stands, as we write, three weeks before Parliament meets. An interesting view, because a non-partisan view, is that taken by the banking and financial interests in London. The editor of the "Bankers Magazine," in a financial letter to a New York newspaper, says that there is a feeling that the outcome of the present situation will be a reversion to two main parties, which would now be composed of Laborites and Constitutionalists, and that "the financial district believes that the Asquith party is unlikely to take a course calculated to put a Labor Government into power, and that, consequently, the Conservative Ministry may remain until after the Budget has been passed, whereupon there will be a fresh election."

Sharp English Justice

CRIMINAL prosecutions for libel are not very common; but still more uncommon is the infliction of a sentence of imprisonment as punishment for the libel. This is what has just taken place in England, where Lord Alfred Douglas has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having uttered a criminal libel against Winston Spencer Churchill.

The trial, after a certain amount of legal skirmishing, centered on the question whether the former First Lord of the Admiralty had been guilty of dishonorable and venal acts charged against him by Lord Alfred. The charges amounted to an allegation that when he was a member of the British Cabinet Mr. Churchill had put out or inspired a false official war statement about the naval battle of Jutland and that he did this for the purpose of affecting the stock market, presumably for his own profit. Lord Alfred, among other things, said that when some person told Churchill that "the Jutland business was pretty thick" Churchill replied, "Well, what does it matter to you? We got the money out of the Yanks," meaning that the false report affected American securities and that those who were "in the know" in London made money on the fall of stock. There was no real attempt to prove that any such thing took place, and other aspersions on Churchill's character also fell flat. Mr. Justice Avery, in charging the jury, took the customary freedom of English judges not only in scoring the prisoner at the bar, but in saying that his counsel had "indulged in a mixture of the diatribe of politicians and vituperative abuse of Mr. Churchill."



Dr. Marx, the new German Chancellor

Americans have always felt specially interested in the somewhat tempestuous career of Mr. Churchill because he is half American; his mother was a beautiful American girl, well known in New York society, Miss Jennie Jerome. In his war career Winston Churchill suffered severe and, as it now seems, not justifiable criticism and abuse for the failure of t Gallipoli attempt. His just-publish book, "The World Crisis—1915," is strong defense of his conduct and see to be pretty generally accepted as sho ing that the delays which made this sign such a lamentable and bloody failu came not from Churchill, but from m high in the army and navy control. T recent trial had nothing whatever to with the Gallipoli matter, but quite i properly, as the Judge pointed out, t counsel for the offending Lord Alfr took every opportunity to refer to it order to influence the jury.

Are There Signs of Reconciliation in Europe?

WHEN the German Chargé d'A faires at Paris brought a messa to the French Premier, M. Poinca asking for direct negotiations betwe France and Germany, it seemed as Germany were about to show a new a better disposition than she has sho heretofore. As long as the German Go ernment financed and otherwise pr moted the so-called "passive" resistan in the Ruhr negotiations were impossibl That passive resistance, however, h come apparently to an end, and there no indication that the Marx Governme in Germany wishes to renew it, with sabotage and disorders. Responsive the change in Germany's course, t French have modified the conditions the Ruhr occupation by allowing ma of the expelled persons to return and annulling deportation and court-marti sentences. According to all repor M. Poincaré's reply to Germany's pr posal was most friendly in tone.

The German Government's conciliatory approach to France has not, ho ever, allayed all suspicions. It is evide that Germany wants a loan for the pu chase of food, and part of her purpose approaching France was to get Fren consent to the loan. Naturally, t French are reluctant to give their co sent, for such a loan would create a ne claim upon Germany's resources whic would have priority over the Fren claim for reparations, and the Fren think that if Germany could buy cotto and copper as she has been buying sh could buy wheat also. It is to be r membered too that there is an immens amount of German capital in foreig countries which could be used for th purchase of food. President Coolidg

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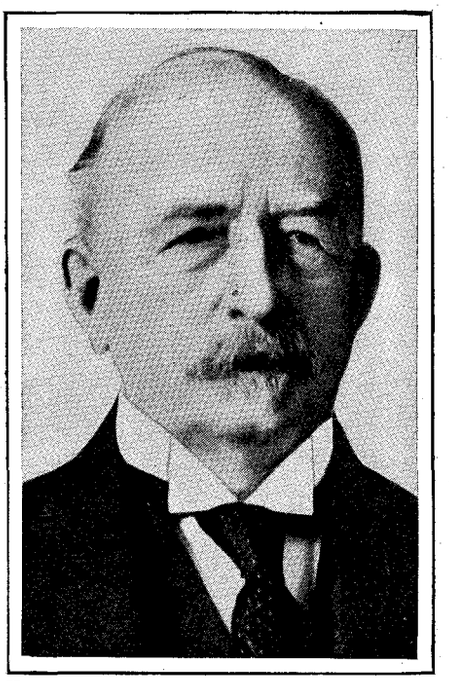
is indicated his approval of a loan, but s disapproval of any appropriation for ıying food to be sent to Germany.

Competent American observers are not all agreed as to Germany's inability to ovide for her own needs; and even all ermans are not agreed on this point. ıere has been published, for example, the New York "Tribune" the report of interview in the semi-official Paris wspaper "Le Temps" with Maximilian arden, the German publicist, who outs the idea that France wants to de-oy Germany, and who declares very plicitly that "Germany can pay." He plains: "With what she spent for the ssive resistance, for public works, and r the maintenance of illegal troops and l the useless or secret expenditures ıich Germany has made up to the pres-ıt, she might have paid her debt up to)28." He says that official Germany aintains a contumacious attitude be-use it has had the encouragement of reat Britain. He believes that a anco-German agreement is inevitable; ıt he does not believe that the people ill soon recognize the truth of what said.

Since Britain has assented to the rench conditions for an inquiry into ermany's capacity to pay, the United ates Government has expressed its be-f that such an inquiry will be of great lue, and its approval of the acceptance American experts of an invitation by e Reparations Commission to serve in e inquiry. There are to be two com-ittees engaged in that inquiry—one to vestigate German capital abroad, the her to study means for stabilizing Ger-any's currency and balancing her udget. To serve on these committees ficial invitations have been extended to wen D. Young, Chairman of the Board the General Electric Company, and eneral Charles G. Dawes, former Direc-r of the United States Budget.

rom Milwaukee to Westminster

INDOUBTEDLY there are many persons more likely to achieve a seat in the ritish House of Lords than an Irishman Home Rule sympathies born in Mil-aukee. Yet this was the accomplish-ent of Thomas George Shaughnessy, st Baron of Montreal and Ashford, ounty Limerick, Ireland, who died re-ntly in Montreal in his seventy-first ear. If that were his only claim to me, his distinction need not necessarily e great. But Shaughnessy's elevation to



Keystone

Lord Shaughnessy, head of the Canadian Pacific Railway

the British peerage was merely a by-product of the success which crowned his career as a railroader. When he relinquished active direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1918 he had been for many years the virtual autocrat of the greatest transportation corporation in the world.

Canada, which gave to the United States such an outstanding railway figure as James J. Hill, is in turn indebted to this country for a number of its most noteworthy railroaders. The first of these was William Van Horne, whose energetic services had been enlisted by the syndicate which in 1880 undertook the stupendous task of building a railway from coast to coast through Canada, three-fourths of the distance of which was through absolutely unsettled territory.

That road, promised for completion in ten years, was finished in five—one of the outstanding engineering feats of the nineteenth century. And the man who contributed more than any one else to the result was Van Horne. In 1882 he had brought young Shaughnessy from Milwaukee to become purchasing agent of the road, then building. Shaughnessy had disclosed abilities in that capacity amounting almost to genius; in 1889 he had become assistant to the President, in 1892 Vice-President. In 1899 Van Horne retired and nominated Shaughnessy as his successor.

When Shaughnessy assumed supreme control of the Canadian Pacific, it had been completed thirteen years; during that time great changes had occurred in the development of the Dominion, much of which had been due to the activities of the railway itself. And this development had had its reflection in the prosperity of the road. Almost from the beginning it had not only paid expenses, but had earned substantial profits. But as a transportation agency it was practically confined to the Dominion.

When Shaughnessy relinquished control, however, the Canadian Pacific had been extended beyond the seas. Its great ocean liners were on both the Pacific and the Atlantic, and one could go round the world under the auspices of the C. P. R. And its activities in other directions—noticeably colonization and immigration—rendered it by far the greatest single interest in Canada.

Shaughnessy's sole interest was the railway, and loyalty to it his first principle. The organization which he built up was imbued with similar sentiments. With his men he was fair and just, but more the autocrat than the democrat. Power and authority seemed natural to him. He was able, efficient, far-seeing, and at times daring. He was one of the few remaining great railway figures peculiar to North America in the nineteenth century.

A Family of Sleuths

A MAN whose skill in his work puts his surname in the dictionary, as meaning "a member of any organized bureau of police detectives," certainly discovered his true job in life. That man was Allan Pinkerton, the founder of the famous detective agency. His son William A. has just died in Chicago at the age of seventy-seven. After his father's death he was associated with his brother Robert in the management of the agency, and since 1907 had been its head.

Allan Pinkerton, the founder of this family of detectives, was a Scotch cooper. He emigrated to America about the middle of the last century and settled in Dundee, Illinois. There he ferreted out a gang of counterfeiters, was elected sheriff by his grateful fellow-townsmen, sought a larger field in Chicago, and started there in 1850 the Pinkerton National Detective Agency. He soon distinguished himself by his skill in hunting down criminals, and was brought into National prominence when he foiled a plot to assassinate President Lincoln in Baltimore, while the President-elect was

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on the way to his first inauguration. The Federal Secret Service, which was active during the Civil War, was organized by Allan Pinkerton. With his two sons he then established branch agencies of his bureau in New York and Philadelphia, and by the recovery of a large sum stolen from the Adams Express Company and the arrest of several Bank of England forgers increased the agency's reputation, which soon became world-wide.

The Pinkertons' greatest achievement was perhaps the ferreting out and conviction of the notorious "Molly Maguires," who had terrorized the Pennsylvania anthracite fields. Later William Pinkerton took charge of the Chicago office, where he organized forces that were active in suppressing railway and industrial disorders in connection with strikes. It was while engaged in these activities that the Pinkertons incurred severe criticism from labor leaders, who condemned their methods in attempting to suppress disorder.

The Pinkerton agency was later employed in many cases in England. Among other services was that of recovering Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which had been stolen by a clever thief, the first of a long line of such operators.

William Pinkerton, though his life was spent in the apprehension of wrongdoers, was, it is said, a strong believer in the possibility of reforming criminals and was a supporter of the parole system.

While crime endures, and there seems at present no likelihood of a cessation of the anti-social acts that are so denominated, there must be professional detectors of criminals. Among those who have distinguished themselves in this line—such names as those of Vidocq, Fouché, and William Burns come to mind—the Pinkertons have fairly won pre-eminence, though it may be added that none of the great detectives mentioned have won the success in detecting crime that invariably characterizes the heroes of "detective stories." Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, like his fairies, has had no counterpart in real life.

The Railways as Business Boosters

IT would be difficult to overestimate the far-reaching results which the expansionist programme for 1924 of the country's railways will have upon business in general. Three billion dollars is three times as much as it cost annually to run

(C) Keystone

William Allan Pinkerton, head of the famous detective agency

the United States Government before the war; yet that is the amount which our railways spent this year for permanent improvements, fuel, equipment, supplies, material, and maintenance, exclusive of direct expenditures for labor.

The fact that the railways have on hand or are able to borrow this enormous sum indicates that for the first time since they were returned by the Government to their owners they are able to straighten their backs, remove their noses from the grindstone, and take a deep breath. They are not yet out of the woods; they are not, on the average, earning the 5¾ per cent on their valuation to which they are entitled under the provisions of the Transportation Act, and they are not certain of the attitude of Congress, but they are doing a greater volume of business than ever before and their rolling stock is in the best condition it has been in since the shopmen's strike last year.

The fact that the railways are loading an average of a million cars a week with revenue-producing freight is an index of the volume of business now being done throughout the country; it is a better business barometer than the pig iron output, for example. And the railways sho their confidence in the soundness of ec nomic conditions by announcing a pr gramme which calls for the expenditu of the enormous sum written abov According to one of their research co mittees there will be an increase of per cent in passenger traffic and 33 per cent in freight traffic on the railwa alone within the next ten years. a nearly $8,000,000,000 will be required provide facilities and equipment for the increases.

Planning for Improvement

DURING the latter part of 1920 a practically throughout 1921, wh the business depression had the counti in its grip, both freight and passeng traffic naturally fell off. The railwa were unable to bring their equipment t to the desired standard because they h neither money nor credit with which purchase cars and locomotives. Fort nately for them—but not for the worke —a reduction in wages over the latt half of the year enabled the roads to sa some $300,000,000.

Early in 1922 freight traffic began increase, but the coal strikes and the ra way shopmen's strike interfered with t normal flow of business and the upke of railway equipment, and curtailed the supply of fuel. An immense number cars and locomotives were kept idl scores of trains were taken off the regul schedules, and freight and passeng traffic considerably reduced. The cou try's railways nevertheless managed spend some $467,000,000 for improv ments and equipment during the yea This brings us to 1923, which is co sidered by railway executives to be t only normal year they have had sin their roads were returned to them.

The railways have not been unawa of the observant eye of Congress in t past year; they have known all alo that they would have to reckon with t "radical-progressives" of the Sixty-eigh Congress. There has been much talk possible Government ownership of t railways, of the consolidation of system of further cuts in freight rates, and changes in the Esch-Cummins Transpo tation Act. Then there is the eve present necessity of borrowing money f permanent improvements; almost all the money spent last year was borrowe money. Moreover, other obligations ar maturing.

The general prosperity that has pr

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vailed has contributed to the rehabilitation of the railways; it has helped to fill their coffers. The railways have used much of the money earned to maintain their roadbeds, improve their freight and passenger service, and purchase new equipment, thereby contributing in their turn to the country's general prosperity. But the chief thing to remember is that the railway executives have so far recovered their confidence in the business situation that they are planning to spend $3,000,000,000 next year for permanent improvements, fuel, equipment, supplies, material and maintenance, exclusive of direct expenditures for labor. They are not doing this out of sentiment; these hard-headed business men believe present and future economic conditions warrant this stupendous outlay.

Night-Flying Mail

TWENTY airplane pilots apply to the Post Office Department every month, on the average, for positions in the Air Mail Service. They are rarely employed, for the reason that the service is badly crippled by lack of funds. Only the transcontinental route between New York and San Francisco is in operation, and that only during the day. At night the planes remain in their hangars. The mail goes on by train. The eminently successful night-flying experiments conducted for one week last August between Chicago and Cheyenne might have been continued had there been sufficient funds to meet the increased costs which such operations created.

The air mail has several years of honorable service to warrant the claims of its supporters. Second Assistant Postmaster-General Paul Henderson and Superintendent Egge evidently have succeeded in eliminating the hazards that once characterized the Service. They have taken over from the Army surplus old war planes and have made them adaptable for transporting hundreds of pounds of first-class letters. To-day there are few accidents, none of them of a serious nature. The mail flies on schedule. Twenty-four planes are in the air every day except Sunday. Twice that number are held in reserve for emergency. No other medium and no other transport service has proved more reliable and worthy of public support. The United States Air Mail Service is the only service of its kind on earth. Other nations may have their military postal routes; but here we have an organization developed and functioning for the benefit of the civilian.

As weather permits, the Air Mail officials might continue their night-flying operations. If there are insufficient funds for the transcontinental service both day and night, the present route might be discontinued temporarily and in its stead a night air mail service conducted between New York and Chicago, thereby enabling the personnel to experiment under conditions radically different from daylight operations.

The knowledge thus gained would be available for use by civilian organizations. Business men would cease being astonished at the rapidity with which their mail reached them; and they might adopt the flying-machine as a practical vehicle in other fields of transport.

The Plans for the Republican Convention

THE Republican National Committee held a lively meeting at Washington two weeks ago. The least contentious matter was the selection of Cleveland as the place of the Convention next year. The reasons which convinced President Coolidge that Cleveland was the right place evidently convinced the Committee also; only eleven votes were recorded for other places. The date of meeting will be June 10.

The subject that excited the most interest at the Committee's meeting was the old problem as to what representation of delegates should be granted to those Southern States which habitually, and even invariably, cast a very small Republican vote. This has been a bone of contention for years, and the hostile party has had a great deal to say about "the price of wool"—in other words, the interest and influence brought to bear on Negro Republican delegates from anti-Republican States in the interests of this or that candidate.

An actual move in the direction of a change was made two years ago, when the National Committee cut down materially this Republican representation from un-Republican States. At the meeting just held, however, the National Committee reversed that action and, as those who opposed the reversal claim, thereby gave greater voice to such Southern States at the next Republican Convention in selecting the nominees and framing the platform than to Northern and Western States with immensely larger Republican votes.

The reason alleged for this change of front is that lately the Negro vote has largely moved up into the North, and that to lessen the number of Republican delegates in the South would offend these new Negro voters in the North. In support of that view, Senator Watson, of Indiana, averred that in Indianapolis very few Negroes would even register. The Committee seems to have been seriously impressed by this consideration, so that it is a little difficult to see why it should prevail against the opposing view that it will afford the enemy an excellent campaign cry.

Commenting on this reversal of itself by the Republican National Committee, Mr. Mark Sullivan in one of his widely read letters declares that the episode "made every thoughtful observer think of problems inherent in the composition of our American electorate and likely to make trouble in next year's election—group action demanding and getting political results; the Negro group, the foreign groups, the Ku Klux Klan, and the resistance to the Ku Klux Klan; the suppression of Negro voting in the South, the migration of Negroes to the North, and the effect of the immigration that continues to come in spite of the restriction law."

The Ivory Market and the Imperious Judge

BASEBALL writers have so rung the changes on the words ivory and ivory market that they have become commonplace rather than humorous. The ivory traded in by the club managers is a mass term for the players—perhaps not a very polite intimation that those most readily "sold" are not so eminent in brains as in brawn. The record price for a baseball player is the $275,000 just offered by the Brooklyn National League Club for Rogers Hornsby to the St. Louis "Cardinals"—and promptly declined! What Babe Ruth would bring, if he were put up at auction, imagination dares not conceive. At the other end of the market we may read of two or three undesirables traded off in a bunch with a cash bonus thrown in for a really desirable player.

Of course the selling club, and not the player, gets the money in these "sales," but equally of course the buying club has every interest in making its newly acquired bondman contented with his new salary and his new temporary residence. Yet when we consider the fact that fat

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salaries are what draw the big players to their temporary "home towns" and that the club with the biggest purse has the best chance to win, it is evident that professional baseball has become an industry rather than a sport. To which the "fan" replies, "We like it, anyhow."

Most of the recent trading took place at the annual joint meeting of the two big professional leagues (American and National) at Chicago. The great figure there was the fiery Czar of Baseballdom, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. His rule has been severe and supreme. His influence on the game has been salutary. But even the great and the good have enemies. It was rumored that a revolution was plotted. So the Czar, remembering that "Thrice is he armed who gets his blow in first," opened proceedings, or, as it were, "beat them to the punch." "Is there any one among you," he cried, "so foolish as to believe that any seven-year contract which I hold would make me wish to continue as Commissioner if a majority of you did not wish me to? . . . Any time you assert by your votes that I am not wanted, that moment I will tear up that contract!" Thereupon almost all the delegates declared in effect that they were the Czar's true and devoted subjects; if there were any secret dissenters, they kept a discreet silence.

The Czar is quite alive, thank you; long live the Czar!

Outside Work for College Students

Is a sixteen-hour working day too long for a college student? This schedule is not likely to be generally adopted. But at the Municipal University of Akron, Ohio, enough ambitious men are undertaking it to make the question a practical one. At the Akron rubber plant the day is divided into three working periods, and the second shift, from three o'clock in the afternoon to eleven o'clock at night, gives the self-supporting student an opportunity to earn a full day's wage and to have free for study and class attendance the complete morning and early afternoon. Some Faculty members urge that the university should prohibit so much work on the part of any student. Other instructors say that the records of men working the complete shift do not justify such a prohibition.

The students themselves are anxious not to lose the privilege and have organized an "Owls Club" for those who are working and studying full time. This organization holds a high admission standard and is intended to help members in social and other extra-curriculum matters. During the recent semester "Owls" won a majority of university honors. One member, Jacob V. Naugle, was among the four honor students in the senior class of eighty-four. Besides maintaining an average grade of almost 90 per cent in four years of college study, Mr. Naugle was rated as one of the best men on the flying squadron of the world's largest rubber factory, a group of men chosen for their all-around ability in the work of the plant. He won the junior oratorical contest and second place in the sophomore oratorical contest. As a senior he served in the student council, the self-governing body of the students. Says Mr. Naugle:

> Any success I have attained in combining labor with study I attribute to regular habits of living. To begin with, I saw to it that my sleep came in regular amounts and at regular intervals. During the first three years I slept six hours each night. In my senior year I was able to get seven hours of sleep. I won the extra hour by learning to cut down, through greater concentration, the amount of time required for studying. I reserved Saturday afternoons and Sundays for my recreation. Nothing was allowed to interfere with these periods of relaxation. Successful study I have found to be a matter of intensive concentration and rigid schedule. Too many students dawdle away the greater part of their time.

Six or even seven hours are not sufficient for normal sleep. Nevertheless this man's record and others similar suggest that the amount of outside work depends in part on the students. Hard work provides a most wholesome sort of enjoyment if the worker is interested in what he is doing, works under satisfactory conditions, and takes a reasonable amount of relaxation. While an eight-hour job aside from school work would doubtless prove too much for most students, it is probable that a great many would benefit by some outside work. The necessity for individual thinking, the contact with other workers, and the stimulus which productive effort supplies are valuable factors in a student's training, and if he is able to combine them with a full class-room schedule such factors reinforce his ability to get the most out of books. They make him a fuller, more appreciative student, able to respond intelligently to the problems his instructors set before him.

The Tree and the Manger

WHEN the world was not as old as it is now, the people of northern climes dwelt in fear of the long nights of winter. They could not illuminate the darkness as we do. They found the winter evenings depressing. As autumn turned to winter of each year they saw with dread and misgiving the night gradually encroaching upon the day. And with the night came the cold and its signs of death. It seemed possible that, unless the darkness was stayed in its oncoming, it might envelop the earth in a permanent night. It seemed credible that winter might rule the earth and that life would become extinct.

So, tradition says, they looked with hope upon those trees that did not turn brown, but kept their green foliage in spite of night and winter. And when the year was darkest they decked those green trees with fruit, so as to induce the invisible powers of life to believe that life was springing up again and that spring was at hand. This is the reason, if we may trust tradition, for what we now know as the Christmas tree.

There was a time when winter seemed coming over the whole earth. It was not a winter of material cold and death, but a winter of the spirit. Imperial Rome, outwardly strong, was in inward decay. Then it was that in a feeble country there appeared a man who not only brought new life into the world but, what we are in these days likely to forget, testified to the immortality of the life that was already in the world. He knew well the power of evil and darkness. He foresaw the coming of darker days. He told the few obscure folk who listened to him that the days were at hand when the sun would be darkened and that there would be wars and rumors of wars, and yet he told these people that they were sons of God and could be as perfect as their Father in heaven. He pictured a kingdom as different as it is possible to conceive from the imperial rule of Rome, and he told these people to pray that this kingdom should come, and he promised that it would come, gradually as leaven leavens the bread, but with power and with might.

It is not strange that his disciples found encouragement in the very lowliness of their Master's earthly origin. No place could be more obscure and humble than the stable of an Oriental inn. It is not strange that people cherished the belief that from a manger in such a stable,

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in the most depressing time of the world's history, there came one who was to turn the course of the world from death to life.

Again we have come to a period of despondency. Not before in the lifetime of any of us, possibly not in a hundred years, have so many people looked to the future with dread. One can scarcely open a magazine or a daily newspaper, or listen over the radio to addresses, without encountering predictions of dreadful days ahead, even of the decay of civilization. The prophets of ill are wrong. Decay comes only when the life of the spirit departs. Those people of the northern countries, unenlightened as they were, were actuated by common sense when they decked the trees in winter. Whether or not some of them believed that they were actually bringing spring back upon the earth, they were at least bringing spring back into their own lives. And the Christian Church has been right in cherishing the stories of the Nativity. There is no door too low for divinity to pass through, there is no time too dark for men to say, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

A Difference with a Distinction which Senator Lodge Ignores

IN a recent letter which was made public Senator Lodge has expressed his opposition to the Permanent Court of International Justice in terms which, if not indicating confusion of thought in his own mind, certainly tend to produce confusion of thought in the minds of his readers. We must assume that Mr. Lodge understands the nature of the Court which he opposes, but there is nothing in his letter which indicates that he does understand it. Indeed, the following two paragraphs from his letter suggest that he may not understand it:

> I have received your letter in regard to the adhesion of the United States to the protocol containing the statute passed by the League of Nations establishing a Permanent Court of International Justice. It has always been the policy of the United States, and very emphatically the policy of the Republican party, to promote in every way possible the settlement of international differences by arbitration and through the medium of arbitral tribunals.
>
> We have advocated in the past the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration. I am thoroughly in favor of a world court, but I desire that it should be a true world court and not involved in any way with the League of Nations. I think such a world court could be framed, and the easiest way, as it appears to me, which is a matter of personal opinion, would be to take what was done at The Hague as a basis and to that add the power to make a permanent court, but I am not in favor of adhering to the protocol unless reservations could be made which would separate the court from the League and make it a genuine world court.

In this passage Senator Lodge seems to confuse a court of justice with a tribunal of arbitration. There is no reason why the two should be confused. The functions of the two are quite distinct, and their processes are not alike.

The purpose of the arbitral tribunal is to arrive at a compromise.

The purpose of a court of justice is to administer the law.

There are certain kinds of questions which it is best to settle by compromise.

There are other questions which among every civilized people ought to be settled by law.

An arbitral tribunal is wholly unfitted to administer law; and a court of justice ought not, except in minor and unessential matters, reach its decision by compromise. A tribunal of arbitration, if it is really designed to arbitrate, is composed of representatives of the two parties involved in the dispute with a third party to act as umpire and to help bring about an agreement by concessions on one side or the other or both sides. The judges, if such they may be called, in such a tribunal are selected for each dispute after the issue arises. The tribunal itself may be permanent in the sense that it has an organization that can be called upon to supply the needed machinery on any occasion. Such arbitration may, according to law, be employed in commercial disputes in New York State. The organization to supply the needed judges is established by law, but the judges, who are preferably experts not in the law, but in the kinds of business under which the disputes arise, are chosen in each case according to their knowledge of the subject and their ability to convince the parties in the dispute of their reasonableness. In many disputes this is very much the best way to reach a settlement, but it would never do as a means of interpreting the meaning and application of statutes or of the provisions of the common law.

The Hague Tribunal is a tribunal of this kind. It undertakes to compromise differences, not to settle principles and applications of law. A Permanent Court of International Justice can no more be a product of the evolution of the Hague Tribunal than a magistrate's court could be the product of a ward caucus.

For the proper adjustment of international relations we need both the arbitration tribunal and the court of justice. It is impossible to substitute either for the other.

Perhaps Senator Lodge had in mind a plan to erect a world court of justice by leaving the selection of the judges to the Hague Tribunal. If that is his idea, he did not make it clear in his letter. Even the propriety of that is doubtful; but no useful purpose can be served by confusing the arbitration tribunal with the court of justice. At present the only court of international justice is the one whose judges have been chosen by the League of Nations and whose constitution is in the protocol to which Senator Lodge would not have the United States adhere.

The question whether the United States should adhere to that Court or not is one which ought to be decided without any reference to the Hague Tribunal. The development of the Hague Tribunal will not lead to a court of justice, and is not a substitute for it. If we do not adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice it is not likely that we shall adhere to any world court of justice at all.

Women in British Politics

IT is a mistake to suppose that British women have only recently begun to take an interest in public affairs. That belief could not be held by any one who remembered the political influence of many a West End salon generations ago or the zeal with which the wives and daughters of the country gentry have canvassed for their favorite candidates at election after election.

The granting of the Parliamentary suffrage to the sex hitherto excluded from the polls aroused, however, both hopes and fears which have by no means been realized. The most ardent advocates of the women's franchise anticipated the arrival almost immediately of a new era in which women's interests would become paramount in the national life. Their opponents, similarly, "viewed with alarm" the prospect of the growth of a powerful women's party, swayed by purely feminist ideas, regardless of how these might coincide with safe constitu-

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tional development. The result has been much less sensational. The general course of public affairs has flowed on very much as it would have done if women had still been denied access to the ballot-box. The principal effect of the change has been the doubling of the electorate and a consequent advance in the democratization of British politics, irrespective of sex interests.

At the same time the new element has had a certain disturbing effect upon electoral campaigns. In earlier contests the party agents in any constituency could usually tell very nearly, by tabulating the entries in their canvassing books, how the poll would go on the critical day. Now, however, they agree in the testimony that women electors are much more reluctant than men to declare themselves. Women, it is said, are ready enough to discuss the issues and the candidates, but they will not disclose their own intentions. The secret of their own vote, at any rate, is one that they can keep. As there is no separate counting of the ballot papers of male and female electors, there is no means of discovering whether the women's vote in any constituency has been the deciding factor. It is commonly believed that the difference is inappreciable; that is to say, that the women's vote is never solidly cast for any one candidate, but is distributed as widely as the men's vote. There is reason, however, for supposing—from conversations in house-to-house canvassing and from the questions put by women voters at election meetings—that women as a rule are especially interested in such public questions as concern the home, and it may well be that the housewife's uneasiness as to the effect of a tariff upon the cost of living had not a little to do with the rebuff that Mr. Baldwin's protectionist policy has sustained. It was certainly a tactical mistake to announce a duty on dried fruits just when preparations were beginning for the Christmas festivities.

How a regard for the women's vote may affect important decisions at party headquarters is illustrated by a recent incident reported in the Manchester "Guardian." The intention of Mr. Baldwin to take Lord Birkenhead into the Cabinet just before the election was frustrated, we are told, by a revolt of women voters within his own party. Lord Birkenhead's derision of idealism in his notorious address to the students of Glasgow University was so offensive to many of the most influential Conservative women that they made known their intention of refusing to support the Government in the event of his admission to it. The plan was accordingly dropped, and with it disappeared also any prospect of including Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as he would not serve without his former colleague.

The acquisition of the vote was naturally accompanied by the ending of the male monopoly of seats in the House of Commons. Here, again, both hopes and fears have been belied by the event. There has been no deluge of women candidates and no passionate eagerness of voters, whether male or female, to send women to Westminster. At the 1918 election there were less than a score of women candidates, and the only one who headed the poll in her constituency was a Sinn Feiner, the Countess Markievicz, who would have been disqualified by her alien citizenship from taking her seat even if abstention had not been the policy of her party. In 1922, out of 33 women standing, only two were returned, and they had already entered Parliament in the interval through by-elections, in each case as successor to a husband, who in one instance had been removed to the Lords and in the other had died. Not long before the recent general election another by-election had increased their number to three, again through succession to a husband's seat.

One of the most significant results of the contest just held, in which 34 women sought the suffrages of the electors, is the provision of five companions for Lady Astor, Mrs. Wintringham, and Mrs. Philipson. Among them are two Labor members, Miss Margaret Bondfield and Miss Susan Lawrence (the latter mentioned in Mr. E. F. Baldwin's correspondence in this issue), who are of such proved capacity and long experience in public work that they are mentioned as probable occupants of posts in the Labor Ministry if and when such an administration comes into being. Miss Bondfield has achieved the remarkable feat of capturing the seat of a Privy Councilor and ex-Minister who had held it for thirteen years against all opposition. Each of the five has been returned for a constituency which was represented in the last Parliament by a member of a different political color. Their success will doubtless make standing for Parliament more attractive to women politicians of ability, and will lead the party organizations to regard the candidature of a woman as not so much of a forlorn hope as it had come to be generally estimated.

Cuba

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHEN the voyager approaches Havana from the Gulf of Mexico on a day of clear skies and gentle breezes, he feels as though the pearly gates of a kind of paradise were opening to his view. The colors of the scene are certainly heavenly. The delicate blue of the zenith flecked with bits of white cloud and tempered by a little haze towards the horizon, the indigo of the deep sea changing into emerald as the water grows shallower, the golden yellow of the sandy shore, the dark green of the foliage on the hillsides, the white houses tinged with umber rising tier on tier and surmounted by roofs faintly tinted with red, combine to give the city a picturesque aspect unsurpassed by that of any city on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is no wonder that the Spaniards called Cuba the "Pearl of the Antilles."

This was the impression I received last October when, after a somewhat stormy two days' voyage from New Orleans, I passed what were once the threatening ramparts of Morro Castle and entered the harbor where the Maine was sunk. It was my first visit to the island which twenty-five years ago this month the United States took from Spain and turned over to the Cubans as a self-governing republic. This twenty-five years of Cuban independence has not been an altogether happy or successful period for either the Cubans or the people of this country. To-day the indications are that more irritation and unhappiness is in store for both parties unless the Government of the United States faces the present situation frankly and takes hold of its Cuban responsibilities with a firm hand.

Cuba ought to be one of the most prosperous and contented, as it is by nature one of the pleasantest, countries in the world. It has an area of forty-five thousand square miles—about the size of the State of New York. It has an equable and agreeable climate; its soil is

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rtile; it could support five times its esent population in comfort. But, in ›ite of the great riches which its sugar nd tobacco bring to a few dominant ımilies or corporations, its working peole are illiterate, its finances are unstable, nd its Government is honeycombed ·ith corruption and is constantly skating n the thin edge of bankruptcy. If these tatements were made on my own supercial observation and could not be subtantiated by reasonable evidence, they ·ould be offensive and reprehensible. 3ut they are known to be true by every ımerican business man who has any ommercial dealings with Cuba and by very important official of the American Jovernment who has had any diplomatic r administrative relations with that unıappy island. Recently the Philadel›hia "Public Ledger" has been publishng a series of articles disclosing social ınd political conditions in Cuba which if ılleged to be true about any self-governng colony of Great Britain would arouse storm of protest throughout the Em›ire. "But," some one may say, "how loes such an analogy as that concern the ›eople of the United States? Cuba is ıot an American colony."

It is true that Cuba is not an Ameri:an colony, but it is an American depenlency in a very real and constitutional ense. By the express terms of the Cu›an Constitution the United States is esponsible for the good government of Cuba. For three years following the war with Spain the United States governed Cuba under military occupation while it was perfecting the plan of establishing a Cuban Republic. In February, 1901, Senator Orville Platt, of Connecticut, one of the finest and ablest Senators of his time, introduced an amendment to the Army Appropriations Bill which has ever since been known as the Platt Amendment, and which was adopted and ratified by the Cuban Constitutional Convention as an "Appendix" to the Cuban Constitution.

Article II of that constitutional amendment provides that the budget or tax revenues of the island shall be sufficient, not only to pay current expenses of the Government, but also to pay interest on the public debt and to provide for a reasonable sinking fund for the amortization or discharge of the public debt. Or, to put it in another way, the United States is bound to see that the Government of Cuba is so economically and efficiently administered that the interest and principal of its public debt is properly taken care of. This provision has been habitually violated by the inefficiency or graft, whichever way you choose to put it, of successive Cuban Governments. During the great sugar boom two years ago, when the revenues of Cuba were the largest in its history, the Cuban Government rolled up unpaid obligations of seventy million dollars.

Article III of the Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution provides that the United States may intervene for "the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." If John Marshall's dictum, "The power to tax is the power to destroy," be true, the power of a corrupt government to lay oppressive taxes for the sake of squandering money on political favorites or inside grafters is the very negation of the protection of property and may easily, as has often happened in Cuba, result in the destruction of life. Individual liberty in a republic depends upon an honest ballot. When elections are notoriously carried by force and the individual voter is intimidated or prohibited from expressing his free choice at the polls, it cannot be said that individual liberty is protected.

Article V of the Platt Amendment provides "that the Government of Cuba will execute, and, as far as necessary, extend the plans already devised, or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as to the commerce of the Southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein."

While the city of Havana is delightful for the tourist, while its hotels and restaurants provide every comfort and convenience, while its promenades and avenues are beautiful, while its delightful Country Club is equipped with a golf course designed to satisfy the most exacting demands, while the real estate development of its newer quarters is modern and attractive to the eye, while the traffic of the picturesque and fascinating narrow streets of the Spanish quarter is admirably handled, and while its shops are as well supplied with wares from all over the world as those of any other metropolitan city of Europe or America, it is a notorious fact that the sanitation of the cities and villages not visited by tourists has fallen decidedly below the standards set during the American occupation. Recently in a municipal reservoir, which was inspected and cleaned at the instigation of an American official on the island, there were discovered when the water was drawn off the decaying bodies of a mule and a Chinaman! Even the synthetic whisky and rum which have been manufactured on a large scale in Cuba for export to America are less dangerous and repulsive beverages than water from such a reservoir! Illiteracy in Cuba has increased because the schools have been allowed to run down by the Government. Money which should have been spent upon the roads has gone into the pockets of grafters. The result is that many parts of the island are impassable except for laboriously driven and slow-moving ox teams.

These accusations of misgovernment are made not only by Americans, but by the Cubans themselves. While I was in Havana "El Universal," a Cuban newspaper, openly accused the President of the Republic of taking a bribe of half a million dollars to sign a bill which had just been passed that was of importance to certain railway interests, and the day my steamer left for Key West all the papers of Havana reported that the President was conferring with his Cabinet as to whether it was expedient to bring a libel suit against the newspaper which made the accusation. Under such circumstances, honesty and expediency do not go hand in hand.

I do not mean to say that the United States is doing nothing about this situation. Readers of The Outlook know from articles that have previously appeared in these pages that General Crowder, our Ambassador to Cuba, has been making persistent, but wise, patient, and effective efforts to hold the Cuban Government to its agreement under the Platt Amendment. That Amendment cannot be administered, however, by one man alone, and it is too much to ask our Ambassador to bear the unprecedented burden placed on his shoulders without the support of his Government and his countrymen. He is not only an Ambassador in the ordinary sense of the word, whose function it is to carry on the usual activities of international diplomacy, but he is in addition an administrative official with special supervisory functions conferred upon him by treaty power. There is an element of comedy

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in the situation. The present Ambassador of Cuba to the United States, Señor Cosimo de la Torriente, at one time a close associate and legal adviser of the Cuban President Alfredo Zayas, whose Administration is ignoring if not flouting the Platt Amendment, has just been elected President of the League of Nations. This can hardly be said to be one of the inducements for the United States to enter the League. To my mind, it is one of the reasons why the United States ought very carefully to consider whether the problems of the Western Hemisphere are not sufficient to occupy its time and attention at present without taking upon itself political or organic responsibilities for the administration of Europe.

What remedies are there for these Cuban difficulties? There are two. The first is military intervention. We have the right under the treaty to intervene as we have done before, and establish American martial law in Cuba. But it failed to accomplish its purpose when we tried it before, and it would be likely to be a worse failure if we tried it again. It would solidify Cuban antagonism and would arouse the suspicions, if not the hostility, of Latin-American governments in all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Fortunately, another kind of intervention is possible. We could select from among the Cubans themselves a Provisional President and protect him in choosing an honest Cuban Cabinet. There is a growing party in Cuba which desires an honest government, and there are able, highly educated, and well trained Cubans capable of carrying o such a government; but they are nc strong enough as yet to cope with a cor rupt money power.

Those who are most conversant wit Cuban affairs believe that this kind c peaceful intervention is practicable, tha it would lead to a just observance of th provisions of the Platt Amendment, tha it would promote better commercial, so cial, and political relations with Cuba that it would strengthen our friendshi with the Cuban people, and that it is th only way out of a dilemma which dan gerously threatens our relations with al the Latin-American governments sout of the Rio Grande River and the Gul of Mexico.

Is Free Trade Fair Trade?

Editorial Correspondence from England

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

Women

"HAVE you voted yet?" I asked of the woman newspaper vender across the way this afternoon.

"No," she answered; "I wait until I go home. The polls are open till eight, you know."

"How are you going to vote? Labor?" I queried.

The woman gave a quick look round her little shop to see whether any client were listening—and she cannot afford to lose any trade. Then she shook her head, but said not a word.

"Oh-ho!" I rejoined. "Then you will vote for a candidate in your district more likely to win." Now came an affirmative nod, but still no word. "I can't afford to run risks," she thought, I suppose; "besides, I can't tell what I may do at the last minute at the polls."

Not within an Englishman's memory has there been an electoral campaign here where the result has seemed so uncertain. It is so uncertain, indeed, that one of the great newspapers has offered £2 (about $9) a week for life to the best guesser.

Among the reasons for uncertainty the woman vote looms large. It is apparently as mysterious and unknowable as it was when women first voted here.

All the same, individually and as a class, women count for more in England than formerly. To this end Viscountess Astor, American by birth and education, has contributed more than has any other person. She has just been triumphantly re-elected, and will continue to do much to redeem the House of Commons from a supposed tendency to stodginess. I say "supposed"—the Commons has always seemed to me an uncommonly lively debating society.

Then there is Miss Susan Lawrence, Laborite, the only woman political whip in the world. She has won out over her Conservative and Liberal opponents. She, too, will do well, for she has had ample preparatory experience. Many years ago she entered public life as a member of the London School Board. In 1910 she was converted to the Labor movement. She is an alderman (why not alderwoman?) of her Borough Council and for ten years has sat in the London County Council as one of its Labor members. No less than ten thousand charwomen employed in London County Council institutions benefit by the better conditions made possible by Miss Lawrence's initiative.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that in this election there have been thirty-four women candidates for Parliament. They are clever in manner as in matter, even if they do not always hit the nail on the head. For instance, at a recent meeting one of them, a Laborite, thus summarized the voter's duty: "If you can't conscientiously vote for the Labor Party, then vote for the Conservatives. They are honest, though not very intelligent. The Liberals are able, but unscrupulous."

Is Free Trade Fair Trade?

Why this election? Thirteen months ago the Conservative Premier, Mr. Bonar Law, announced that "this Parliament will not make any fundamental change in the fiscal system of this country." But unemployment became increasingly widespread—indeed, on a scale unparalleled in English history; even now, though conditions are better, there are 1,250,000 unemployed.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the present Conservative Premier, became convinced that the protective system alone affords a prospect of successfully dealing with the problem. As he said, "We cannot wait for the economic rehabilitation of Europe. That will take years. We must have an immediate remedy."

The Prime Minister's position in Parliament was assured. Yet he did not hesitate to risk it by dissolving the legislative body so that it might be freed from the Bonar Law pledge. Such a step was the more courageous because the Premier was well aware of two things: (1) That his own party's general adherence to the principles of protection was uncertain; and (2) that the issue would instantly unite the hitherto disunited Liberals, as it did.

So it was that on November 16

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George, R. I., "thought fit, by and with he advice of Our Privy Council, to dis-olve this present Parliament" and "to all a new Parliament." The campaign as been short, indeed—too short prop-rly to present so epoch-making an issue o the electors, but, on this very account, ull of condensed interest.

If the woman vote formed the first rea-on for uncertainty as to the election utcome, the issue of protection in a free-rade England certainly formed a second nd greater—that is to say, how far vould the voters' temptation to believe hat tariffs *might* increase employment ffset the fear of yet higher cost of liv-ig? The result has certainly shown hat this fear was widespread and deep.

A third reason for uncertainty as to he outcome has been the query, in riangular contests (Conservative, Lib-ral, Labor) where one of the candidates atently had no chance at all, as to whether his supporters would throw way their votes on him or would help ne of the other two candidates, and, if o, which one?

The Campaign

One feature of this year's campaign as been the increase of the rowdy ele-ent. Under an act of Parliament, any erson at a lawful public meeting who reates any disorder is liable to a penalty ot exceeding £5.

Now heckling in itself is not disorder, nd proper heckling has always been a ossible part of English public meetings. remember thirty-odd years ago when Oliver Wendell Holmes smilingly stood p at an Oxford Commemoration to re-eive his D. C. L., an irreverent lad in he top gallery of the Sheldonian sang lown to the Latin orator (who was re-citing the candidate's virtues): "Holmes is laughing at you, sir."

So at political meetings here there has always been great liberty, not to say considerable license. Organized noise is different, however. Some nights ago a crowd of young men, who evidently had a previous understanding, nearly broke up a meeting I attended. Pipes were being puffed peacefully all over the place, but the crowd did not allow the speaker of the evening, a very distinguished man, to finish one sentence in peace. Questions from the floor were incessant. There were continued cries of "What about the ex-service men?" "What about more pensions?" "What about the Irish deportees?" "What about recognizing Russia?" There were so many other "whatabouts" that for five or ten minutes complete pandemonium reigned, with the orator in total eclipse. Only written questions, it was announced, would be considered. This, in the end, worked well, and I counted over one hundred questions succinctly but adequately answered by the speaker. Then a voice from the other side of the hall, "We've had enough, old scout."

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the speaker at another meeting, had a harder time. For a quarter of an hour he vainly attempted to address his auditors, his voice continually drowned in the chorus, "Sit down, you fool, sit down!" Finally the meeting had to be abandoned, and we had to leave without listening to the son of the man who, twenty years ago, introduced the issue of tariff reform or, as we should say, protection.

At still another meeting there would have been the same result but for the timely interference of the Labor candidate, who bravely came to his opponent's defense. The crowd made up for it afterwards by indulging in a free fight directly the speech was concluded. Chairs, windows, and electric-light shades were smashed to hearts' content.

At still other meetings the wives and sisters of candidates, as well as the candidates themselves, have been roughly handled. Things have come to a pretty pass in Fair Play England where women are kicked with impunity. It was an object-lesson of what might happen if the Communists got into power. Be it said to their credit that the best Labor leaders realize the danger from the Communistic flavor of their party and repudiate these outrages. They have happened in Conservative and Liberal meetings alike, but I have noted no case where Communist rowdies have broken up Labor meetings.

Good looks and spellbinding count for less than formerly, now that a very new feature has distinguished this campaign over all its predecessors, namely, the broadcaster. Nowadays an orator can be heard by an enormously greater number than can hear and see him. The other day, in the midst of an eloquent phrasing concerning Cobden, Mr. Lloyd George interrupted himself quickly to query in a low aside, "Was Cobden from Lancashire?" The outsiders, by means of the amplifier, heard the "aside" and promptly burst out laughing! Nothing "fazes" Lloyd George. He remarked: "Oh, you heard that too, did you? Well, these little machines are very dangerous—in fact, almost as dangerous as protection."

London, December 6, 1923.

International

Lady Astor making a campaign speech at a midday street meeting

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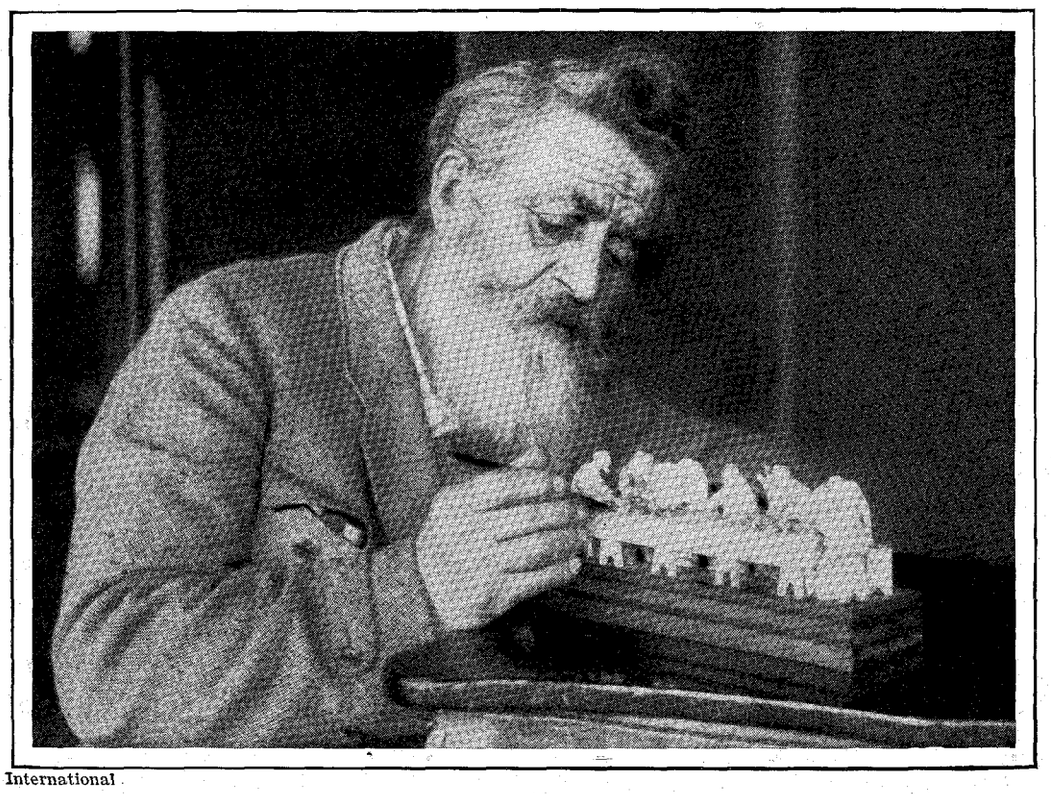
In the Line o

(C) Underwood

Guido Mayr, the Judas of the Oberammergau Passion Play, at work on his carving of St. Joseph

The principal contemporary actors in the celebrated Passion Play of Oberammergau, which has been produced at that Bavarian village almost every decade for centuries, are now in America. They are giving an exhibition of their carvings and pottery in New York City, for the purpose of raising funds to enable them to continue the production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau and also "to help the starving women and children of that section and the neighboring country." They refused an offer for the motion picture rights for the Passion Play which would have solved their financial problems



International

Andreas Lang (Peter in the Oberammergau Passion Play) and his carving of "The Last Supper"

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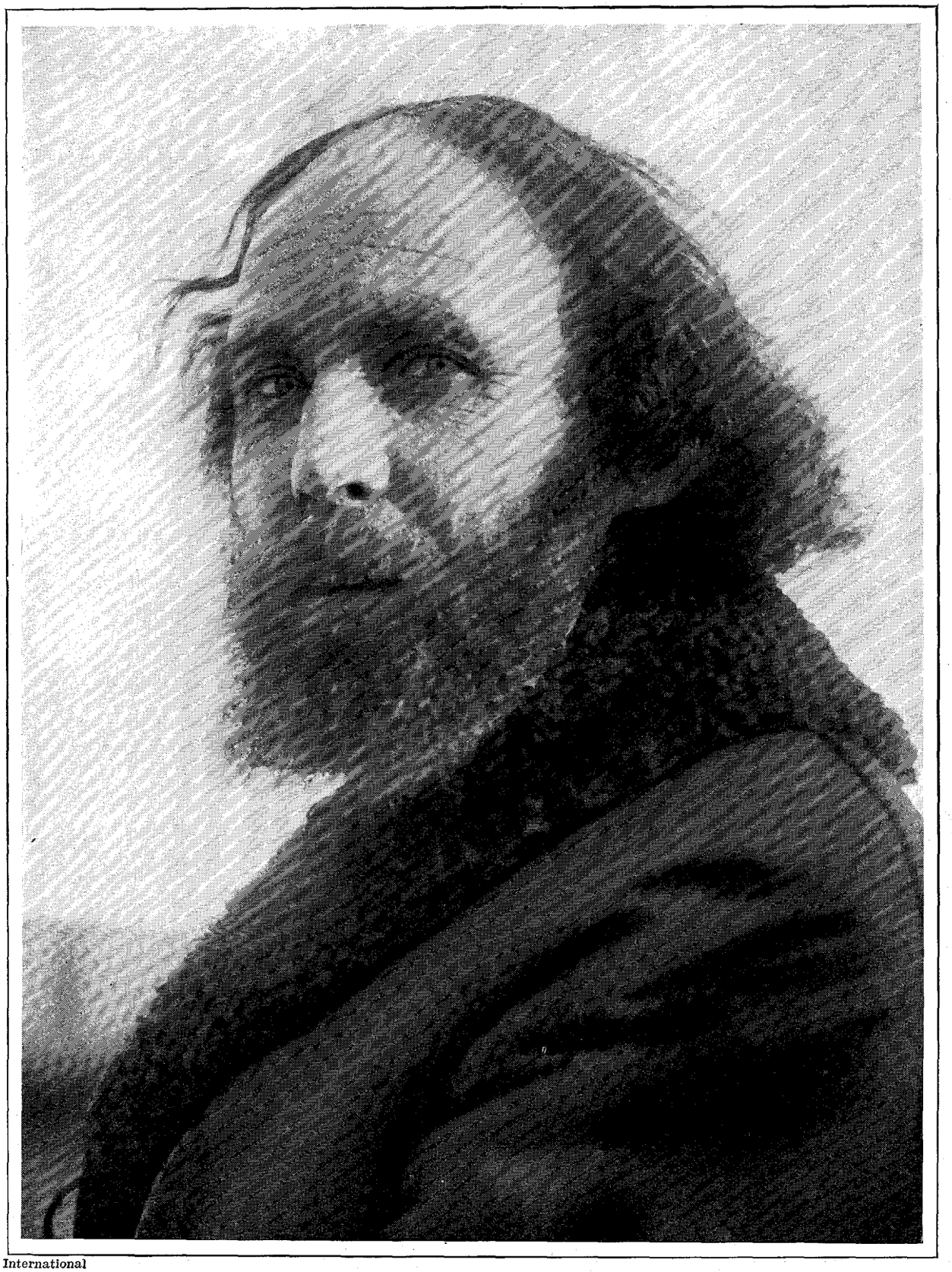
High Tradition



International

Anton Lang, the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play

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When the Klan Rules

The Giant Clears for Action

By STANLEY FROST

This is the second of a series of independent but related articles by Stanley Frost on the Ku Klux Klan. His present article tells the story of reforms within the hooded ranks

THE Ku Klux Klan to-day is a very different organization from that of two years ago, which was investigated by Congress and found guilty by public opinion of serious crimes. This is the first fact about it which strikes an inquirer. It is different in leadership, in personnel, in purposes, and in methods. Its leaders, to be sure, declare that the difference is merely a change of emphasis, but this seems to be nothing more than an attempt on their part to hold traditional strength. In fact, there has been a deliberate overhauling. In it whatever of the old Klan seemed useful has been kept, but there have been important rejections and much that is new has been added.

These changes are carefully calculated by a shrewd and understanding mind. The new leaders recognized that the position of the Klan and its reputation were fatally weak for any great success. They had large ambitions, and set about to make the Klan at once less easy to attack and far more effective in its appeal to the average decent citizen. They developed new strategy and tactics. In short, the Giant in the White Hood attempted to clear the decks for action. How well it succeeded is partly proved by the growth that followed.

The first result is that the Klan to-day does stand far less subject to the kind of criticism which has a direct, simple, emotional appeal than it did two years ago. The Giant is wearing better armor. The old indictments for violence and graft have less and less truth; also they are less and less effective with those who know the new Klan—and it is taking pains to be known by those whom it wishes to enlist. It is putting out a strong propaganda, and with much success, to show that it is not in any way a champion or defender of lawlessness. Behind the propaganda is an effort to make sure that no such showing can ever again be made against it as was made before the Congressional investigating committee.

Moreover, it has adopted a rather different objective; at least a very different definition of its old objective. Though it has kept the fundamental idea unchanged—"America for Americans"—it has attempted to formulate a propaganda which does not appeal to hate nor stimulate violent prejudice except as the idea itself does so, and a programme which is broader, more definite, and offers opportunity for lawful and satisfying action. It has tried to hold the most effective of its appeals, to make them proof against attack, and to widen their scope.

Finally, it is using very different methods. In place of the blacksnake whip and physical terrorism it has adopted new weapons far more subtle and more dangerous and far less open to simple and obvious criticisms. It has not abandoned terrorism, but refined it. It has added the most effective methods of a political minority and other methods, even more deadly and effective, which are not exactly new in American politics, but have never been employed by so tremendous an organization.

The first step in the reform was the simple and obvious one of removing the cause for attacks based on its reputation for graft, for fomenting disorder and violence, for being a menace to law and order, and for attempting to substitute itself for the government. It considers that this has been done.

When I asked H. W. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, how much success his reform campaign had achieved, he said:

"As much progress has been made as it seems to me could have been expected in the short time since the change in control of the Klan took place. The Klan is now on the whole as nearly free from those evils in personnel as can be expected, so far as we have definitely ascertained. Naturally failures on the part of members are continually occurring—a situation which is perfectly sound may become unsound within a few weeks or a month—but whenever such a situation arises it is corrected as soon as the facts are learned.

"Failures on the part of men to live up to their teachings and convictions are always betrayals of trust. Klansmen are not free from them. But we have arrived at the point where the Klan recognizes all such actions as in direct conflict with its teachings and oath."

This statement, which admits the previous charges against the Klan and the fact of the house-cleaning, and which admits also that the organization is not yet perfect, is quite typical of Dr. Evans. Before taking up the story of what he has done to the Klan let us stop for a moment to look at the man himself. His position as Wizard makes him one of the most influential men in America to-day. On him depends largely whether the achievements of the Klan be good or bad.

Hiram Wesley Evans, then, is in the middle forties; of middle height, too, and tending to put on flesh. He is smooth-shaven, round-headed, and rather round-faced, with the slightly prominent eyes so commonly found in politicians.

He is a Texan born, a dentist by profession, an active member of the Christian or Disciples Church, a thirty-second degree Mason, as are many of the Klan leaders. He is a natural orator and speaks with the softness and peculiarities of the South and with something of the tang and rotundity of the old-fashioned political oratory. He gives the impression of tremendous activity, backed by great force. His address would lack appeal to an "intellectual" audience; it is extremely effective with "common people."

I was told before I saw him, by one of his intimates, that he was not a great man; that the strength of the Klan was in its ideas rather than in its leaders; but that he was decidedly efficient. My contacts with him confirmed this estimate. He described himself to me as "the most average man in America," and that cannot be improved as a thumb-nail sketch.

The story of what Dr. Evans has done to the Klan and for it came mostly from other people. He said little about it, except as to results, and he was always careful to identify himself with the mass, to appear no more than their leader and spokesman. Yet the evidence is that he has almost single-handed taken control of the organization and changed it to his purposes. There seems no doubt that these purposes include personal ambitions for power, probably for position and possibly for wealth, but there seems also no doubt that he expects to achieve these through carrying the Klan to power and

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Dr. Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan

success, and that he is too canny to risk the great triumph for any minor gratification.

There is no need to devote much space to the early history of the Klan. It was founded in 1915 in Atlanta by Colonel W. J. Simmons, a preacher, dreamer, and —even according to his enemies—something of an idealist, however warped. His imagination had been stirred by outbreaks of race and religious prejudice in Georgia and by the hyphenism which was already appearing; he felt that the law was failing to protect the rights either of America or Americans against organized conspiracies, and he set out to correct this. He founded his order along the lines of the Ku Klux Klan of reconstruction days, which many believe saved the South from Negroes and carpetbaggers. He won some immediate success in enlisting members through the appeal of the honor in which the South still holds the Klan of the sixties.

Whether he intended it or not, the tradition of the lawless methods of the sixties was also carried over, with far less justification. Many parts of the South and West take easily to night-riding, and a good many men took the cover of the new Klan to indulge this. The result was to bring the Klan into immediate disrepute throughout the country. The story of these outrages is too well known to need repeating here.

Colonel Simmons, as has been said, is a dreamer; he is nothing of an organizer. The Klan grew very slowly. So, presently, he made a contract with E. Y. Clark, who had been highly successful as an organizer of drives, by which Clark was to get eighty per cent of the initiation fees of $10 each. Clark had considerable success, though his organizers are accused of appealing to the worst motives and prejudices and did the Klan great harm. After paying them, Clark's profits were considerable; he is said to have made as high as $40,000 a month. Charges of graft and corruption naturally followed.

The Congressional inquiry, the exposures in newspapers and magazines, and the storm of condemnation which followed nearly broke Simmons's heart. He understood it very little. Although the Klan was so organized that he could never have been ousted, he resigned, undoubtedly under pressure from the Evans crowd.

"Texas was the star Klan State, and we came to the meeting all ready to go ahead and do something," one man said. "But when we got here we found the Klan was not going anywhere or aiming to do anything. So we got busy, and Simmons saw the need of a change."

About the first thing Evans did was to cancel Clark's contract. This precipitated a fight, which is still going on. Simmons stood by his friend and they were backed by the Atlanta Klan. The Evans group revoked its charter. Although the fight is hot in Atlanta, I have found little evidence of it elsewhere, and none at all in the North. It is certainly having little effect on the power or growth of the Klan under Evans, and does not seem to threaten his control. Its chief importance has been to bring out some facts about the Klan and to show how complete is the divergence between the old Klansmen and the new. Colonel Simmons declares that Evans has utterly betrayed and perverted the Klan and its ideals.

One result of the Evans régime was apparent at once: big personal profits were stopped. Clark had built a splendid home in Atlanta; Evans lived for a while in a $65-a-month flat, and his present home is a modest one. When Evans took charge, the Klan treasury held only about $100,000. The finances, by the way, are under complete control of the Wizard. By July 31, 1923, the treasury held assets of $1,087,273 and liabilities of $1,705 (balance, $1,085,568), as against assets of $403,173 and liabilities of $247,227 (balance, $155,946) a year before. Dr. Evans and his friends feel that they are pretty well clear of the charge of graft.

This matter being attended to, Dr. Evans took up the question of lawlessness. His practical mind saw clearly that it not only accomplished nothing, but that it aroused opposition, gave enemies of the Klan their best ground for attack, and emphatically blocked all possibility of carrying the Klan into the Northern States or among the better classes anywhere, and so making it a real power. This is apart from his personal views on the morals of violence. On those he spoke to me as strongly as any enemy of the Klan could speak.

At first he gave his attention to specific instances of violence, often going to places where trouble was brewing. One story is told of a town in which the anti-Klan forces had organized to break up a Klavern (Klan assembly). Evans managed to get to the meeting after it had assembled, and found some 140 men, all armed to the teeth, ready to go forth to battle. Around the house was a mob, not well organized but dangerous. Evans took his stand before the door and for four hours argued with his followers. In the end he induced them to leave their arms in the building and go out defense-

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less. Some were wounded, many were mauled, but not one struck a blow. By this and similar means he tried to establish the idea that a Klansman must not use violence.

But he soon found that this was not enough, and made an open and direct fight inside the order. This culminated in an Imperial Klonvocation (a meeting) of the Grand Dragons (State heads) with minor officials, at Asheville, North Carolina, last July. At this meeting he not only defined the new purposes and methods he had been perfecting, as will be told in a later article, but laid down the law on the subject of violence. In closing his address he said:

"We have not been appointed by Almighty God or any Imperial Wizard to go out meddling in other people's business. Our duty is to get behind the constituted officers of the law, as every one of you have sworn to do. Let's get a National law enforcement programme—let's fix it so people will have to go to the penitentiary for violating law. You cannot enforce laws in the form of a super-government trying to force your will or your government on the law of the land. The first time one of your Klansmen violates the law, thus breaking his obligation, thus doing a thing in direct conflict with that for which we stand, let us administer on him as Klansmen for breaking his obligation. Let us then get them outside the Klan and let the judge and jury and the penitentiary take care of them. When we do this, the thing will fade like the morning dew.

"The Wizard is not responsible for any violation. I am going to tell you now, you go home and do your duty and the first time you have a bunch of Klansmen that break a law do not get behind them. Put your influence with the constituted officers of the law, and go with the law and act through the law, and thus once and for all and eternally end this accusation."

This, mind you, was to Klansmen alone, and not a public statement. Dr. Evans may have intended to make it public later, but the Klansmen gathered could not know that.

Dr. Evans soon succeeded in getting to the head of the Klan in various States men who supported this campaign. One such is General Nathan Bedford Forrest, Grand Dragon of Georgia, and son of the famous Confederate general, who was head of the Klan of 1866. General Forrest is an unusually high type of man, strong and clean, and he has made an open fight. His "realm" was one of the worst, since it was the first organized under the old methods. His record, however, is typical of several other Southern Grand Dragons.

General Forrest told me, with some bitterness, how people were continually calling on the Klan to redress grievances by beating up some neighbor. He denied vigorously that the Klan touched any such affairs, except to send all complaints to the regular law officers. "If they fail in their duty, then we tell the local Klan and let it bring pressure to bear in the next election," he added.

He admitted that there were cases in which people had used the Klan regalia to cover crime, and fewer cases in which Klansmen themselves had broken the law, always without sanction of the Klan. Wherever this is suspected to have occurred the local Klan is under orders to help bring the offenders to justice. General Forrest as Grand Dragon has offered a reward of $1,500 for the conviction of any offending Klansman, and in Macon, where some night-riders were on trial and Klansmen were suspected, he sent detectives to work under the sheriff. Men were finally brought to trial on their evidence, and he had a statement made in court that the Klan did not indorse, support, or protect the men. In at least four cases where local Klans have misbehaved he has revoked their charters and given his evidence against them to the courts.

He has got results. "The Klan used to be made up of riffraff—not criminals, but rowdies and low class folks," one of the best-known men in Georgia told me, and others agreed. "Now it is getting the reputation of being a decent organization and a lot of much better men are joining it. This is mostly since violence has been stopped. There has been very little for quite a while."

The final measure taken to stop violence is perhaps a good test of the sincerity of the reform. In many States no member is now permitted to take his regalia from the Klavern without permission. All hoods and robes are checked with a doorkeeper, and are never in possession of a Klansman except for official business. This measure destroys the chief excuse of the Klan in case of outrages—the plea that the regalia was used without permission.

In every place where I investigated or from which I have reports this reform of the Klan has been made clear to every member and is insisted upon in all propaganda. Thus, officially at least, the Klan has cleared its skirts. The extent to which the change has been accepted by the members is another matter, which will be taken up later. But, since there are now so few reports of Klan violence, it seems clear that until new evidence appears the new orders must be accepted as a real position, fairly well maintained. So far as the leaders are concerned or can make their orders effective, the Klan does not take the law into its own hands nor permit its members to do so.

Opponents of the Klan naturally deny the sincerity of this reform. They charge that it was forced by the exposures and the prospect of internal disruption, that it is purely hypocritical, a matter of tactics adopted for the expediency of the moment, which will be abandoned whenever some new expediency dictates.

There is, of course, no means at the disposal of a reporter to determine men's motives. I put the question to a leading Klansman.

"I can't prove to you that it isn't so," he smiled. "But I will point out two things. First, the Klan is absolutely committed, inside and out. If it fails to live up to the reform, it will be damned much more completely than before. Second, the great influx of members has come since the law-and-order programme was made clear. They prove that this programme is good policy. The Klan will not be foolish enough to change. Moreover, the new members agree with this principle; they now constitute a majority, and they will see that it is lived up to."

Whatever the motive, it is certain that the Klan must be handled on the basis of the reality of this reform, so far as any efforts go either to detach present members or to prevent its spread. Its propaganda is so unequivocal and its record so greatly improved that with these men the argument of lawlessness carries no weight.

This reform, then, is the first and most important step of the Klan in preparing for its great campaign. So far as it is successful and gains credence it will protect the movement from the charges which have been the only basis for most of the attacks on it. Dr. Evans calculates, with some reason, that the whole attack will fall if those charges become untenable. Certainly enemies of the Klan would be forced to a change of base—not a great hardship in view of the poor success of their efforts to prevent the growth of the Klan so far. Certainly also new attacks would have to be based on the new ideals, programme, and methods of the Klan, even though such attacks would be more difficult than the old, calling for argument and education rather than simple condemnation.

Violence and graft, however, are not the only things that have been charged against the Klan. There are certain features of the Order which are a part of its very growth and structure which are obviously dangerous, and which are far more difficult to reform. These will be taken up in the next article, "Old Evils in the New Klan."

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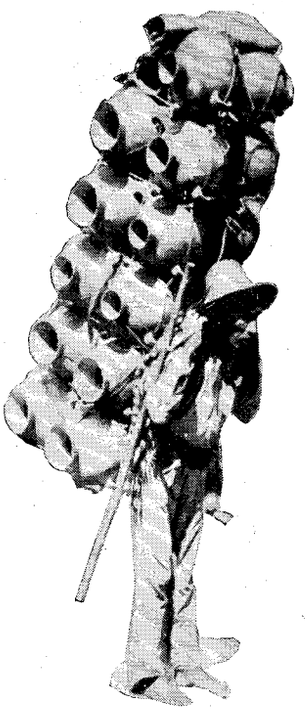
The Age-Old Race with Hunger

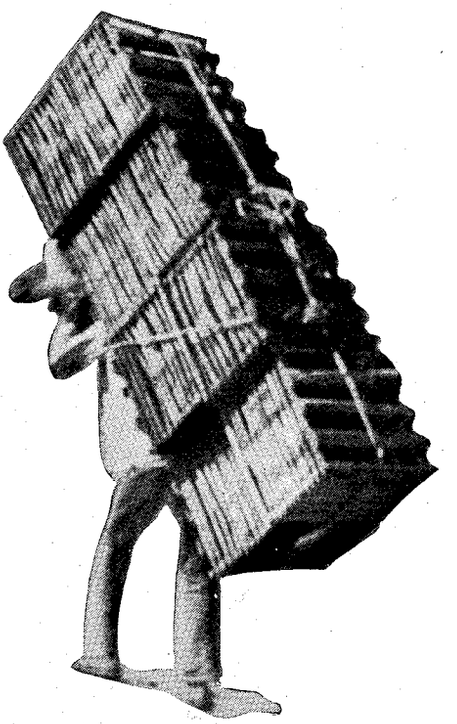
Transportation in Central America

By

THOMAS F. LEE



Carrying a pack of ollas 4 leagues to market to barter them for a few trifling necessities



And this is the way chickens go to market in Central America

THE political, social, and economic ills of Central America to-day cannot be attributed to government, revolution, Monroe Doctrine, or climate; they are fundamentally related to the problem of transportation. Wherefore, when solemn conferees and pompous legislators seek to solve these basic troubles through the application of political panacea or the enactment of laws, I think of that worthy old gentleman of my boyhood days who carried a shiny horse-chestnut in his trousers pocket as a rheumatism cure.

From the time of Old Stonehatchet, the cave man, down to this year of our Lord 1924 transportation has been the important factor in the evolution of the race. It has been man's vehicle in that sporting classic of the centuries—the Hunger Handicap—a race in which man is never more than three jumps ahead.

Transportation primarily involves the carrying of food from the spot where it is produced to hungry humanity at large. The "cliff dweller" of Harlem is more dependent upon it than was the cave dweller of that other age. Stop modern trains, trucks, and boats for a week, and famine would creep up the fire-escape and peer into the back window of every tenement of New York City.

Early man slew his quarry by brute force and then dragged it to his cave. In time evolution or accident taught him to carry the burden on his shoulder. As his creative intelligence grew, he trained the ox and the horse as burden carriers. A floating tree-trunk in a swollen river probably suggested the "dugout" and water transportation. The wheel came into being by the accidental slipping of a rounded skid in the hands of Egyptian workmen.

In Central America to-day a cross-section of transportation may be seen from the cave-man era to the modern truck. The *cargador,* or Indian carrier, still packs thousands of tons of freight over mountain passes and through long stretches of jungle. Pack-trains wind their picturesque way over every rural trail, moving cotton to some distant mill or port; freighting machinery to an interior mine; carrying *bultos* of the world's products along distant tentacles of trade; bringing in every foreign article used by the far-away community and carrying out the surplus products of the community itself. And all of this at freight rates which act as an effective brake upon production and upon social and economic development.

Ox-carts, once an important factor in the rural transportation of Central America, still creak their ways over deep-rutted *caminos.* Lumbering relics of colonial days, they are inadequate carriers long since out of step with progress, discarded tools of evolution.

Cayucos (dugouts) provide crude river transportation, floating down little cargoes of rubber, cacao, chicle, or cocoanuts, gathered by a small *ranchero* at some far-flung human habitation, and carrying back the meager supply of needed things from the outside world.

Into these isolated areas the railway—the modern freight carrier—is very slowly pushing its way. The truck has appeared, the automobile, and even the airplane, giving promise of steady development in modern carrying facilities.

Primarily, wealth is such surplus food and other basic necessities as are produced each day beyond the immediate need. Before the little *ranchero* or his family may enjoy one of the thousand little comforts or minor luxuries, before he may even dream of educational or cultural pursuits, he must find some way to produce surplus and to convert it into a form that will serve his needs. To produce the surplus would not be difficult—his land is rich and labor is available. He might each year grow an excess of corn or beans—perhaps a hundred sacks more than he uses—but the market for beans and corn is at the end of a ten days' journey by pack-train, and the value of these products at destination would not equal the carrying cost.

If some construction miracle were to stretch a hard-surfaced highway from his bean patch to a market, and if a five-ton truck might take the place of the pack-mule, the surplus crop could be delivered quickly and inexpensively, and in time the resulting wealth would come back to the ranch in the form of tools, clothing, labor-saving devices, books.

Then in the operation of such highways or railways, in the production of surplus food, and in its preparation and manufacture there comes a demand for labor, that other wealth-producing formula. The laborer in these stagnant communities—the peon who to-day gives human effort for life's barest needs—might then command a daily wage sufficient to enable him to lay aside a slight margin, a daily surplus of labor value, which in time, as wealth or capital, would contribute to his physical, moral, and mental betterment.

In the wake of improved transportation facilities come higher standards of living, because the hunger fear is removed and the thought of a people is no longer centered solely upon the problem

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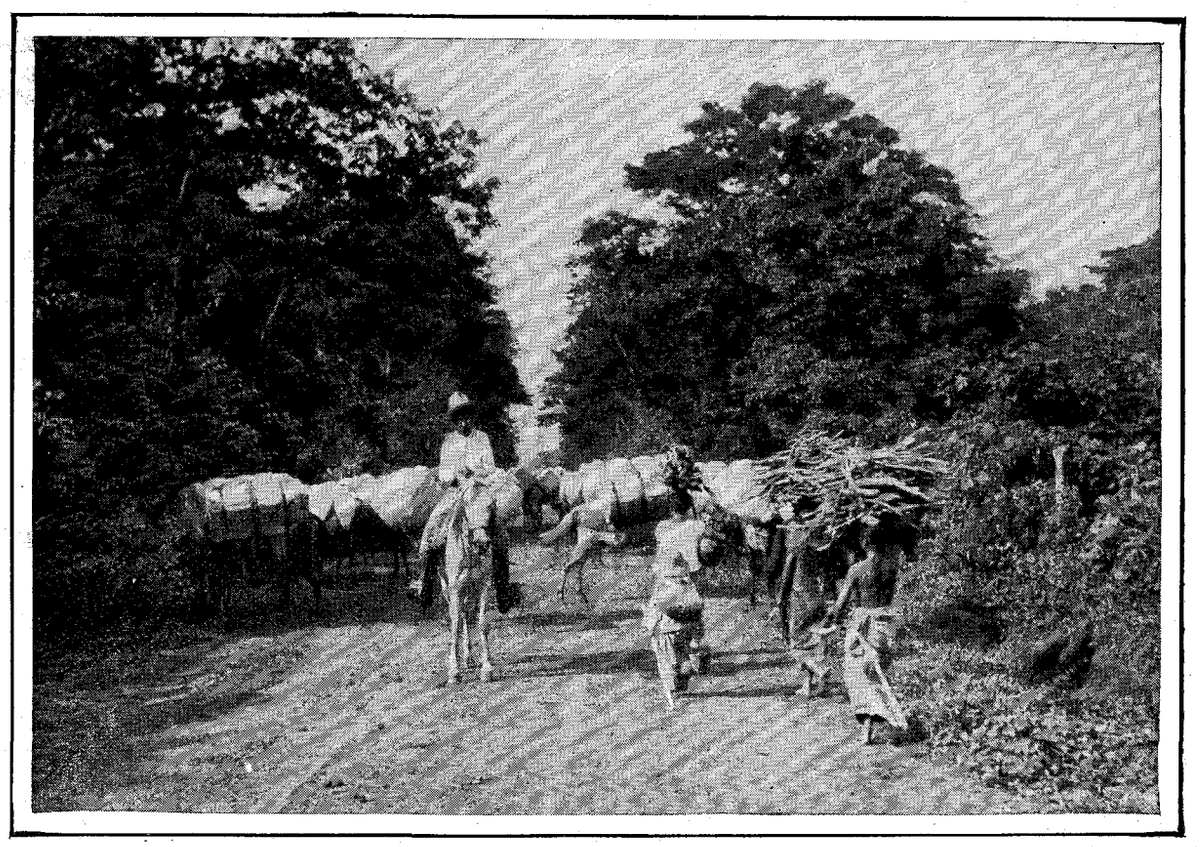
The distinctive ox-carts of Guatemala—lumbering, primitive carriers introduced by the early Spaniards and still in general use



Women transporting fuel; a six-year-old boy with his load fastened to his head with the usual "tump" band; and the mule train with bales of cotton for an interior mill

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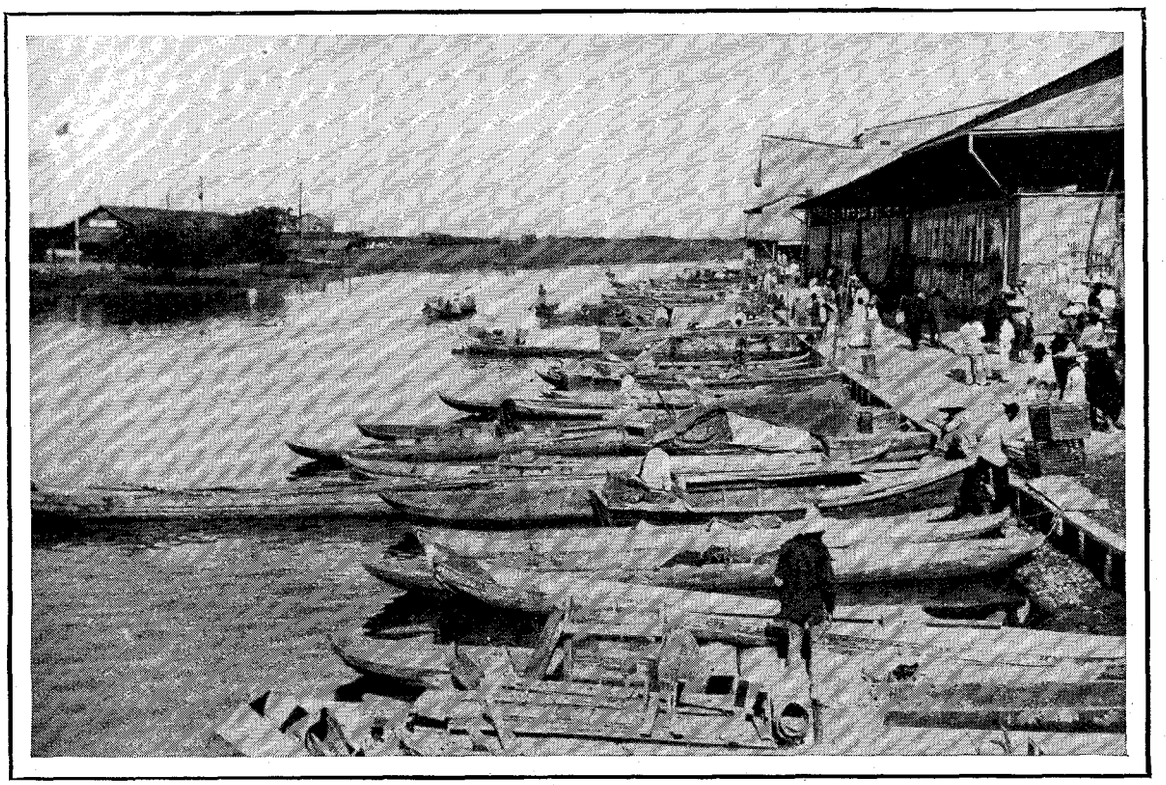

Long, slim cayucos glide down the water highway from far-away ranches to the market-place of some river town, carrying little cargoes of fruits, vegetables, or other native products

of existence, but is set free to flow into educative and cultural channels.

Transportation means not only markets for surplus production, it means, as well, opportunity to visit and to know the people of near-by villages and valleys. It makes for political unity.

The little Indian ranchman lives in his own little valley. The Republic of Honduras means nothing to him. The province or district in which he lives is little more than a name. His valley and village alone is *mi tierra* (my country). Frequently he and his neighbors speak a *patois* which differs from the dialects spoken in the near-by villages. These little *comunidades* acknowledge no leadership or governing force other than their own *caciques,* or head men. They may be one of a hundred small, self-sufficient communities, separated and held apart by mountain ranges, long trails, rivers, or other natural barriers quite as effectively as if one valley were in America and the other in Europe. Their ignorance of their neighbors breeds suspicion and distrust, and yet out of these isolated *comunidades,* with their individual traits of character, language, and customs, these republics have been fashioned. They are, in most cases, national entities in name only. In reality, they are a collection of neighborhoods—communities—arbitrarily included within the same geographic boundary and held together by political, commercial, and social ties of the weakest character.

No political force, no legal enactment, no foreign pressure, can mold such a collection of little neighborhood groups—each with its prejudices and suspicions as to everything outside the horizon of *mi tierra*—into a cohesive national entity. Transportation alone can do this—highways, railways, telegraph, means of communication whereby people from one village may come into contact with their neighbors, talk with them, barter with them, come to know them, and cease to fear and distrust them.

I rode from Santa Rosa to San Pedro —two hundred miles—on muleback in five days. In the same length of time I might have gone from New York to San Francisco—three thousand miles. A pack-train requires eight days to cover the two hundred miles from San Pedro to Santa Rosa, and the carrying cost per ton is $60. In about the same time I could ship a ton of freight from New York to San Francisco, and for less than $30. If I were to ship a ton of food from New York to San Francisco by mule train at Santa Rosa freight rates, it would cost me $900 in money and four months in time. In these significant differences may be read the story of transportation, the story of prosperity, the story of race evolution.

I have just returned from a delightful observation trip through these promising republics with the belief that the political carpenter and plumber have no place therein and that the demagogue and his patent panacea are likewise unavailing. I came back convinced that the thing really worth while is a means whereby horizons may be widened and isolated communities actually drawn together. The important thing is the wiping out of a thousand little frontiers, imaginary barriers between a thousand little valleys, and then the harmonizing of differences of speech, thought, and customs, until loosely joined pastoral communities may be knit into a strong, self-conscious nation, with unity of thought and purpose. There is no ready-to-wear plan for doing this; it is only possible through the extension of roads, railways, telegraphs—the pathways of transportation.

This really great work is well under way. More than a thousand miles of railway form the nucleus of a system which now carries freight into productive lands, but recently virgin forest. Truck, automobile, and airplane have come into limited use. The press recently carried the story of American aviators charting air routes through Central America. The *cargador,* the ox-cart, the *cayuco,* and the mule train are passing out of the picture. The glamour of colonial days is fading. Unromantic efficiency is edging into the life of this people until the products of their day's work and world markets stand face to face. Unromantic efficiency; but bringing with it the certainty of food for to-day and to-morrow, the certainty upon which civilization is built—modern transportation—to emancipate the Central American people and to leave in their hands one of the richest, fairest domains that a kindly Creator ever spread out under the sheen of tropic skies.

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Filming Fly-Fishing

By "GEORGE SOUTHCOTE"

I AM very sorry about it. I know all about fishing being the contemplative man's recreation, and I hate publicity as much as you do; but it was this way. Some two years or so ago one of the eminent statesmen now sitting in conclave in London referred to my home in a South of England chalk-stream valley as a happy oasis in a distracted world. That remark was stored up at the back of my sub-conscious mind. Then, about six months ago, some film magnates asked me to a big luncheon in London. I dislike big luncheons intensely, and I am not at all fond of any "location" (that is a film expression) in London excepting three armchairs with their backs to Piccadilly in the Fly-Fishers' Club, and of those I like the middle one best, because in that way you get a right good companion on each side of you, instead of only on one side, with a cabinet full of pickled life histories of flies on the other—this sentence is getting involved, so I will begin a new one.

Well, to make a long story short, I consider myself a normal Englishman, living in a normal English country home with a beautiful old garden, and dry-fly fishing thrown in. The film folk sat down to luncheon at about 1:30, ate and drank for about three-quarters of an hour, and then made, or listened to, speeches until 5:20 P.M. Having just had a wisdom tooth out, and suffering as I was from the loss, I made one myself. The main theme of the speeches was that some rich foreigners were running anti-British film propaganda all over the world by showing pictures of Chinese vice dens in the East End of London as typical scenes of life in England. That also stuck in the back of my sub-conscious mind.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that I was rather a selfish brute to live in a happy oasis in a distressed world, when that oasis could be broadcast, by means of a film, without any serious discomfort to myself (I did not realize then what I was letting myself in for), and at the same time perhaps counteract the son of Belial—I mean to say, of the Father of all Propaganda—and teach the world what normal life in an Englishman's country home really represents. Then came an offer to act in, or to edit, some fly-fishing films. My advice to those about to be filmed when fishing is the same as Mr. Punch's to those about to marry: Don't! It is the most exasperating experience that I have ever encountered. We suffer from the May-fly on our river, which means that we have a great time if the weather holds good for the critical ten days from towards the end of May through the beginning of June (it never does), and then hardly a trout comes up in the daytime again until well into September.

The exasperating part of the business was that everything depended upon the light. The sun must shine upon every picture. This is how it works out. A trout rises. There is a cloud over the sun. The cloud goes (perhaps on the next day but one). A trout rises. You hook him. A cloud comes over the sun. You must therefore wait (perhaps a week) for sunshine, and then play another trout in the same "location" as you hooked the first one. Trout, as we know, do not act up under such limitations. *Da capo.* I will not dwell upon the agony of that experience, which spoiled my chances of good fishing for the season. Suffice it to add that a bitter cold and gusty north wind blew nearly every day and spoiled the hatch of May-fly, and that it took over three weeks' hard work to complete a little picture which runs for about ten minutes. But, when all has been said, I now consider that it was worth it. I have just seen a picture palace full of unfortunate dwellers in London reveling in my home surroundings, in my garden, in the water meadows, by the banks of the stream, and on the downs among the beech copses, without causing me any inconvenience whatever.

No—not quite. I was recognized as I left the place, and I was mobbed by people who asked me whether I was "George Southcote." Strictly speaking of course, I am not, but I thought I was justified in saying, "Yes." Others asked me where I bought my wonderful little rod. I pondered over that, and I think of asking the maker what the information would be worth in the way of a new one. I have fished it hard for fourteen years. A little eight-foot greenheart. It may not

"GEORGE SOUTHCOTE" is none other than Sir George Aston, who has frequently contributed articles to The Outlook on less serious subjects than angling—such as British polity. Under his pen name, George Southcote, he has earned a place among the foremost British writers on the most contemplative of sports.

It's seldom or never you find them together—the angler, the sun, and the fish

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last my time, though I hope that it will. Anyhow, I reserved the information. The film, by the way, is called "A Fly-Fisher's Festival." It was shown in London at the Tivoli during the week beginning October 29. Where it has gone to now I do not know. I hope, all over the world. I have just remembered, too late, the story of the man who was asked by his admiring audience to tell them more, *more* about himself. So, like St. Paul, I spare you.

One more remark. I got some of my own back by persuading kind friends on the Scottish river where I caught my first salmon to allow the same artist (an ex-officer with a fine war record and a wonderful command of unexpressed invective in times of extreme exasperation) to produce a film of salmon fishing, which is perfectly glorious. He had even a worse time waiting for his opportunities than he had with me, but he triumphed in the end, and I feel inclined to spend all my time in chasing his film about the world to see it again. It is called "Battles with Salmon," and has also been shown in London at the Tivoli. Where it is now I do not know. I wish that I did.

Fly-fishers who go to see either, or both, will, I trust, remember the horrible fact that a film, in order to pay its way (and it costs a lot to produce), must have what they call "pep" in it. Pep! in the contemplative man's recreation! I apologize.

P. S.—Retribution has overtaken me. I have just seen the film folks' description of my dry-fly film. They describe how a *water-mole* (save the mark!) swims across the surface, and how trout *bite* at the dry-fly fisher's *bait! Mea maxima culpa.* But the burden of my punishment is heavy. G. S.

Magnus Johnson Will Be Heard

By STANLEY HIGH

It is easy to turn a public man into a standardized symbol of a single characteristic. Stanley High's article ought to help America to understand Magnus Johnson as a human being

THERE was a long list of notables at the speakers' table: a former British Prime Minister, a formidable array of Governors, Senators, and Representatives—past, present, and future—not to mention a whole school of lesser fry, who shone in reflected glory. And with these last—the lessers—sat Magnus Johnson. Not that he was one of them. He wasn't. But, strangely enough, it didn't seem to detract from the dignity of his office that he found a place there, near the far end of the table.

Before this day I had never seen Magnus Johnson. But I carried with me to that luncheon a very vivid picture of him. It was a caricature, I found later—a caricature compounded from cartooned distortions and hearsay descriptions of the man. I fancied him—as I had read of him—"Yenerally speaking Yonson:" bulky in appearance and boisterous in expression. He was as much like my picture as most preachers are like the Prince Albert, high hat, quinine-faced tradition of the stage. But he had been photographed so often on his farm—and in the garb thereof—and on the platform, with sleeves rolled up and without collar, that, someway, I'd never thought of him at a speakers' table.

But there he was, the most unobtrusive of the lot. There were morning coats to right of him and morning coats to left of him. But he assumed no frills. There was a pompousness such as one sees looking out from almost any press gallery. But Magnus—well, from the caricature point of view he was a keen disappointment. He looked like an embarrassed business man, dropped in for the occasion and obliged at the last minute to sit up there with the dignity.

He wore a dark-blue suit. His glasses were of the good old gold-rimmed variety. His collar looked uncomfortably high. He wore a black bow tie—the black bow tie which, if the signs of the times fail not, may go down in history along with Joe Cannon's cigar and Bryan's campaign hat and the well-groomed beard of the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Most astonishing of all, though Magnus Johnson talked with considerable animation during the meal to the individual on his right, I didn't hear a word of it; and I sat within ten feet of him! Where, I wondered, are the far-famed glass-blower lungs that scorn at conversation in undertone?

Afterward, when I met him, I realized even more what a wide gulf separated the real Magnus Johnson from the Magnus Johnson of popular imagination. He talked, to be sure, with a distinctly Scandinavian accent. It has been reported that he makes no effort to cover up this brogue. I don't believe he does. Why should he? Perhaps to me there's less that is funny in it, since my own grandfather came from Sweden. He was one of those men whose sons have sent Magnus Johnson to the Senate. He always talked with an accent, and never apologized for it either. But he helped to break the sod for the building of the Middle West. And, somehow, I never felt that his accent mattered much. So I soon forgot that of Magnus Johnson.

As for the man himself, he is as unpretentious to meet as he was to watch at the speakers' table. I walked over to his hotel with him. Every one seemed to know him, and with every one it was, "Hello, Magnus." There was no "Mr. Johnson" and only once "Hello, Senator." It was just "Magnus." And he appreciated the attention.

"The newspaper fellows," he said, "have made a lot out of the fact that I never had much education. It's true, all right, and I'm sorry for it. But maybe if I'd gone to college I couldn't have been 'Magnus' to all these folks."

He reflected for a moment, and then went on: "There are a lot of highbrows in the Senate, I know that. Take Senator Lodge, for instance." (Mr. Johnson, I discovered, has hit upon Mr. Lodge as being typical of all that the Middle West is not, and he appears, alternately, to stand in awe and in contempt of him.) "Take Senator Lodge. He knows more about the English language and books and history than I could ever find out. But do you think I'd trade my 95,000 lead in the last election for what he knows and his—what was it?—8,000 victory? Not on your life!"

Magnus Johnson, however, is not the untutored person he has been pictured. One of the first things he said to me was: "I wish you'd nail that lie about my hating books. That's just a plain, damn lie. I didn't go to school much, but I've read, and almost ruined my eyes doing it by lamplight. As for a school education, you can bet I'm making up for my children what I lack myself."

It is improbable that Senator and Mrs.

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Johnson will go in much for Washington's social life. In the city where I met him, instead of staying at the leading hotel with the other notables, he had a room in a second-rate hotel several blocks around the corner. When he made his first flying visit to Washington, he "put up" at one of the historic but certainly not one of the showy hotels of the town. And now the Johnsons plan to take a little place in the suburbs—not too far removed from the capital, and yet rather close to the country.

But, though Senator Johnson may live in the outskirts of Washington, he will be heard in the capital nevertheless. And not on account of his glass-blower lungs either, but because he is the representative of a constituency that chose him because he declared that he would make himself heard—for them. They believed him, not so much for what he said, but because he is one of them. Corn and wheat are the big issues out where Magnus Johnson comes from. They are becoming more articulate issues with every election, as his own victory indicates. And when Magnus Johnson begins to talk on corn and wheat—well, he's on home ground. He's interested, not only in his neighbor's crops and the price—or the lack of it—but in his own. That is altruistic self-interest; and it's hard to find a more powerful stimulus to expression than just that. When it comes to being heard, therefore, I rather imagine that Magnus Johnson will keep his pledge.

One thing is fairly certain, however. He won't declare himself on all the questions at issue within the first fortnight of Congress. In spite of the fact that ambitious "interpreters" of him have expressed his opinions on almost everything from freight rates to Lloyd George, he is still, as he expressed it to me, feeling his way. He has no ready-made programme for the salvation of the Middle West which he will extract, presto, from his brief-case and lay before the country. He knows a lot about what's wrong with the farmers, and not so much about how to make it right. But he is determined to find out. So he has constituted himself a fact-finding commission.

"I want the facts," he told me. "It doesn't make any difference to me what side of the case they prove. I'm talking to every one I meet and writing to a lot more and doing a good bit of reading, just because that's the only way I know to find out about things."

He told me that he had just received that day a letter from a friend in Sweden. This friend, whom Magnus knew before coming to the States, has just been elected to the Swedish Parliament.

"We never thought in those days," the Senator said, "that we'd be in the Government like this. But when I found that he had been elected I wrote right away about conditions in Europe. And he's written me a long letter about the situation over there. He told me a lot of things I didn't know before, and what he wrote has helped me to decide what I'm going to do in the Senate when it comes to talking about Europe."

(C) Keystone

Senator Magnus Johnson, with his wife and daughters, Agnes and Florence

Senator Johnson believes that a settlement of the European situation is the most vital question facing the American Government. He believes that, not because he is interested in Europe primarily, but because he realizes the relation as between the price of his corn and wheat and the European market. He has not, as yet, outlined the particular programme of American co-operation which he will support. On one or two questions, however, he is decided. He is opposed to the League of Nations and decidedly suspicious of the World Court. He believes that the American Government should extend immediate recognition to Russia.

"We recognized the Czar's Government," he said to me, "so I don't see any reason why we can't recognize the Soviet Government. It couldn't be worse than the Czar's outfit."

On many of the domestic problems before the country he was uncertain just what course he would pursue. He stands, however, for the support of the Volstead Act and for a soldiers' bonus. On the first issue he referred to his dry record as evidence of the position he would take in Congress. On the second he was more outspoken.

"The boys won the war and the profiteers got the money," he said. "I'm in favor of taking some of the money from the profiteers and giving it to the boys. They earned it, all right."

Fixed prices for grain is another proposal for which Mr. Johnson proposes to stand. He isn't so much interested in freight rates and their reduction, believing that the benefit to the individual farmer would be negligible. But he is prepared to fight for a grain price fixed by the Government after adequate in-

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vestigation of the farmer's cost of production has determined a fair return.

"When I've made up my mind on these things," he said, "you'll know where I stand, all right. I won't leave any doubt of my position. In the meantime I'm trying to find out everything I can which will help me to decide right."

And, after all, fact-finding isn't such a serious fault, even in a Senator.

It isn't only the fact that Magnus Johnson will know what he is talking about when he speaks before the Senate that will give his words some weight, but he is enough of a politician to know when to talk. The accounts of the election of Mr. Johnson emphasized so strongly the fact that for the first time a genuine, work-at-it-every-day dirt farmer had been sent to the Senate that one was left with the impression that he knew nothing whatever about the fine art of practical politics. But he knows politics almost as well as farming.

He came to Minnesota from Sweden twenty-nine years ago, and began to take an active interest in public affairs even before he had learned much of the English language. For years he has been on the School Committee of Meeker County. He was elected to the State House of Representatives in 1915, where he served until 1919, when he was elected to the State Senate, from which office he resigned in 1922 to oppose J. A. O. Preuss for Governor. He was defeated in that election, but only by 14,000 votes. Since 1912 in Meeker County Magnus Johnson, politically speaking, has been master of all he surveyed. In that year he won a fight to instruct the delegates to the State Convention for Robert M. La Follette for President. Since then, he declares, "I've had Meeker County in my pocket."

Having won and worn his political spurs with some success in his own State, it is not too much to expect, therefore, that Magnus Johnson in the field of National politics may not fare so badly.

Magnus Johnson enthusiasts, and there are many of them throughout the Middle West, frequently compare their farmer-Senator to Abraham Lincoln. It is too soon of course to prophesy, but it is not likely that Mr. Johnson, despite the freedom of our democracy, will ever be a serious contender for a place alongside of, or in the same galaxy with, Abraham Lincoln. He does represent the interests of a great section of the country. How well he will represent those interests remains to be seen. But, even though his leadership fails to set the capital aflame, two things, I believe, are fairly certain.

In the first place, Magnus Johnson will go about his work in Washington with a sincerity and an honesty of purpose born of a grim determination to get himself and his neighbor farmers out of their present difficulties. His oratory will hardly recall the shades of Clay and Webster. But his determination—and he does know how to fight—will certainly have more than a casual influence in the struggle that is to be made for the farm interests of the country.

And then, secondly, Magnus Johnson, although he is the first dirt farmer to be sent to the United States Senate, will not, in all probability, be the last. There are others, much like him, out in the Middle West who know, from experiences much like this, the farmer's situation, and who can be trusted to put forth their best efforts to set it right. These men, almost certainly, will be given jobs much like the job that the voters of Minnesota gave to Magnus Johnson. They will be called radicals, doubtless, when they are elected. But their radicalism, like that of Magnus Johnson, will amount to little more, when analyzed, than the expression of the point of view of a very powerful part of America that has not declared itself distinctly heretofore—a point of view that is called radical only because it is new.

What an American Woman Did for Czechoslovakia

The Story of the Wife of President Masaryk

By EMA ODSTRČILOVA

"YOU must not!" was the clear and determined reply of Charlotte Garrigue Masaryk to her husband when, with patience exhausted, he seriously considered severing his political struggles and emigrating to America. What would have been the future course of Bohemian history had this American woman followed a course of least resistance and innate desire of returning to America, the land of her birth, the land of her affections, her home? What would have been the future course of the Slav peoples had this woman not made the heroic sacrifice of remaining in a strange land and, on the other hand, had urged her husband to leave his native land at this time?

Fortunately, this question need not be answered. Masaryk, strengthened by his wife's sacrificial advice, remained in his country to fight out his battles. Strenuous battles they were!

It was in the year 1882 that Masaryk came to Prague as a young professor from Vienna with his American wife. At this time the Czech nation was steeped with hatred toward the oppressive Austrian rule and saturated with aspirations of national rights. The moment called for a new programme. Professor Masaryk undertook this difficult task with the assistance of his wife, who held in her heart a warm sympathy for this oppressed nation. Being a man of strong moral character and an ardent lover of a true cause, he plunged into the work with a vivid sense of reality. He knew the art of correct observation and the real meaning of contemporary problems, and tackled them with remarkable ability and earnest courage. His realism meant to unearth the facts and on the foundation of truthful investigation to work out his national plan of future procedure. "For truth" was his motto in every action.

This uncompromising spirit brought Masaryk into immediate conflict with the traditional opinion of the intellectual element of his nation, much to his dismay. In the eighties of the last century Bohemia had a literary dispute which developed into a violent political controversy. The manuscripts of an ancient epic poem, supposed to have come down from the tenth century, were discovered in the early part of the nineteenth century. For two generations thereafter all patriotic Czechs considered them a proof of the

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long cultural tradition of their people, and thus supported their claims for freedom as the indisputable right of all civilized nations. To deny their authenticity meant to attack the very foundations of national pride. Yet this was just what Masaryk succeeded in doing after he and some of his colleagues came to the deliberate conclusion that the manuscripts were a modern forgery. By dint of this *dénouement* he was ostracized by the greater part of his own people, who denounced him as a traitor. But Masaryk stood his ground, for he realized that no nation could base its future on falsehood, however pleasing it might be. Only truth would conquer. While firm, he was much depressed, only to be consoled by his wife, who held her head as high as ever.

This unfortunate affair had not subsided when in the nineties came the well-known Hilsner case. The reactionary political and clerical forces of old Austria united in the attempt to brand the Jewish race with the disgrace of ritual murder. Hilsner, a Jew, was found guilty of murdering a Catholic girl for the purpose of securing her blood for ritual services. The only man who resolutely opposed this wave of malice and superstition was Masaryk. He published the truth, which brought about a second trial, when Hilsner was sentenced for murder only. Masaryk's stand in this affair accentuated the general dislike of his person, for the anti-Semitic sentiment was high among the people. It was at this time that, meeting with public disapproval, he was going to give up his battles for the right and emigrate to America, only to be stopped by his wife's clear, "You must not!"

What enabled this woman to meet with difficulties so courageously and to render moral support to her husband in his most critical moments? What induced her to oppose his emigrating to the land that she so loved? This answer cannot be given in a single word, for it involves the whole character of Mrs. Masaryk.

She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1850, and was brought up under a strong Huguenot family tradition and the guidance of the Unitarian Church. Her father, Rudolf Peter Garrigue, was the director of the Germania Insurance Company in Brooklyn. In 1874–5 she went abroad to study music in Leipsic under Liszt. When visiting Leipsic in 1877, she met Dr. Thomas Masaryk, then a young teacher. Her love for him originated when the two were reading Mill's "Subjection of Women" in the company of a German lady. Mrs. Masaryk was always a champion of the rights of her sex. With the help of a Bohemian friend, she later translated into Bohemian Mill's book and arranged for its wide distribution.

Soon after her engagement she saw Mr. Masaryk jump into the river at Leipsic to save a drowning woman. Half jokingly, half seriously, she told him immediately afterwards: "Don't think that you have impressed me by this deed. Every decent man would do the same." This is undoubtedly the reason why in his "Social Question" he later wrote: "I don't see why it should be honorable to jump into the water to save a man's life and why it should be a disgrace to preserve the same life by the sweat of the brow."

They were married in 1878. Although the daughter of a prominent American, she started her married life in a one-room apartment in Vienna. She was quite a different kind of person from the typical Viennese woman, who passed her time in idleness rather than in useful work. She was more than a *gnädige Frau;*" she was a lady. Her moral earnestness and purity of character were equaled only by her intellectual capacity and the kindness of her heart. Free from all prejudice, modest and unselfish, she always maintained her dignity as a woman whose splendor was the outcome of Huguenot traditions and the free atmosphere of America.

Being highly intellectual, she was able to assist her life partner in much of his scientific research. The closest friends of the Masaryks have made it known that no article or book was ever published in that family without the advice of Mrs. Masaryk. In Masaryk's books one can see numerous traces of his wife's collaboration. Her home in Prague became the center of intellectual workers who appreciated highly her participation in spirited debates.

Mrs. Masaryk always maintained a lofty ideal of the part a woman should play in married life. Sometimes women influence their husbands to compromise in the struggle for truth and justice, thinking only of their home and the children. Masaryk never heard the entreating voice of an anxious wife when truth was at stake. On the contrary, he always found at home moral support and encouragement.

She soon came to love the Czechoslovak people. She learned the Czech language and became well acquainted with Czech literature and history. Being a skillful musician, having studied music with Liszt, she made a special study of Bohemian music, with the result that she revealed to his own people the greatness of the well-known composer Smetana.

It is not without reason that her influence is seen most clearly and most potently in the social theories of her husband. One of her last words before she broke down at the close of the war was: "We forget so easily that there are still people who have nothing to eat." She herself never forgot. She had a long list of the needy whom she was always caring for. It is no wonder that the poor people loved her and will keep her long in grateful memory. It was touching, after her death, to read the warmest expressions of sorrow in the Socialist and Communist papers.

From the day of their marriage Mrs. Masaryk directed all her forces to carry forward the life-work of her husband. This is why it is already generally recognized that a first-class biography of President Masaryk will constantly refer to the activities of his wife, for hers was the motto: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"You must not! You must not take me!" was again firmly but painfully pronounced by Mrs. Masaryk as she made the greatest sacrifice for the Czechoslovak nation in permitting her husband to go abroad to organize there the revolt against Austria-Hungary. She forced him to leave her behind in Prague in order to facilitate his departure. While he was busy at his work in foreign countries she and her family were subjected to all kinds of mistreatment. Her home was searched from top to bottom for compromising documents; her daughter Alice was imprisoned on a charge of high treason, and her eldest son, Herbert, died in 1915 of typhus. All these hardships she bore with exemplary courage and fortitude. Those who came to comfort her left her home themselves consoled.

At last justice was done to the Czechoslovak cause. In December, 1918, Masaryk returned to Prague in triumph as the first President of the new Czechoslovak Republic.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Masaryk, suffering from a severe nervous collapse, only dimly understood the celebrations welcoming the new dawn of freedom, the fruits of her long struggle. On May 13, 1923, she died, mourned by a whole nation.

Whenever the Czechoslovak people look back upon the critical years in the successful struggle for independence they will have occasion to remember Mrs. Masaryk, her love of truth and her faith in the justice of God; they will always have occasion to thank America for a woman who aided so nobly in the struggle for their independence.

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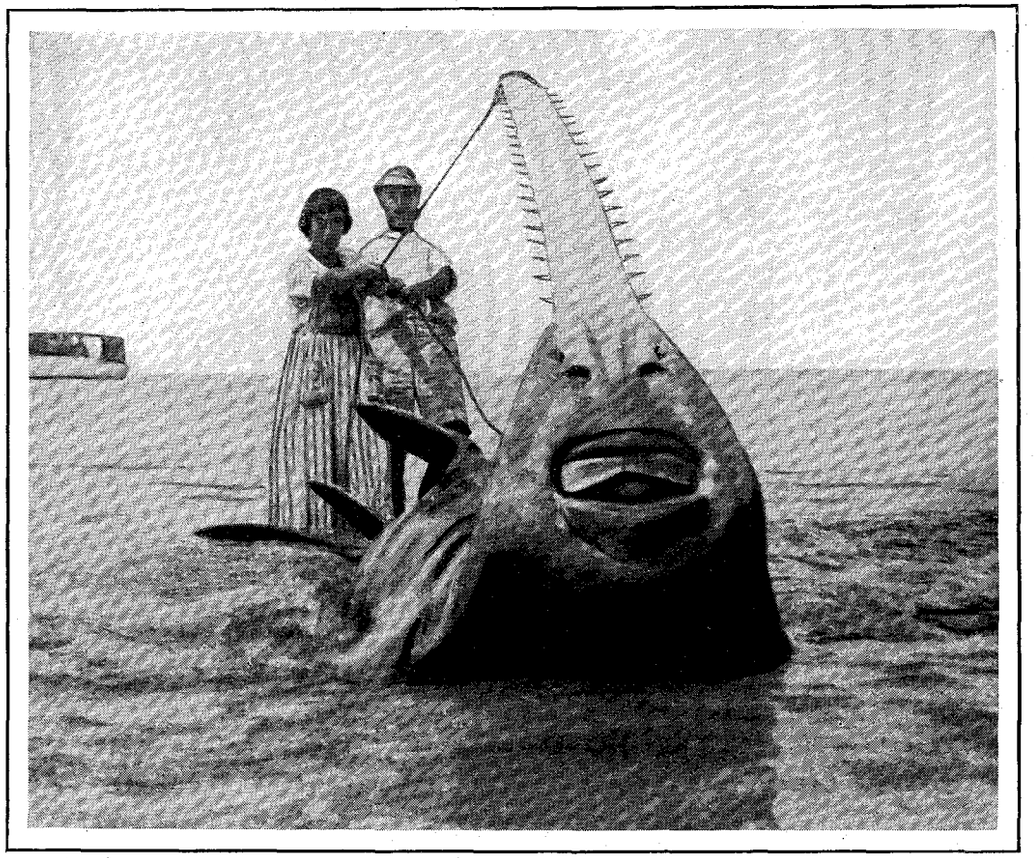
Drawn Up with a Hook

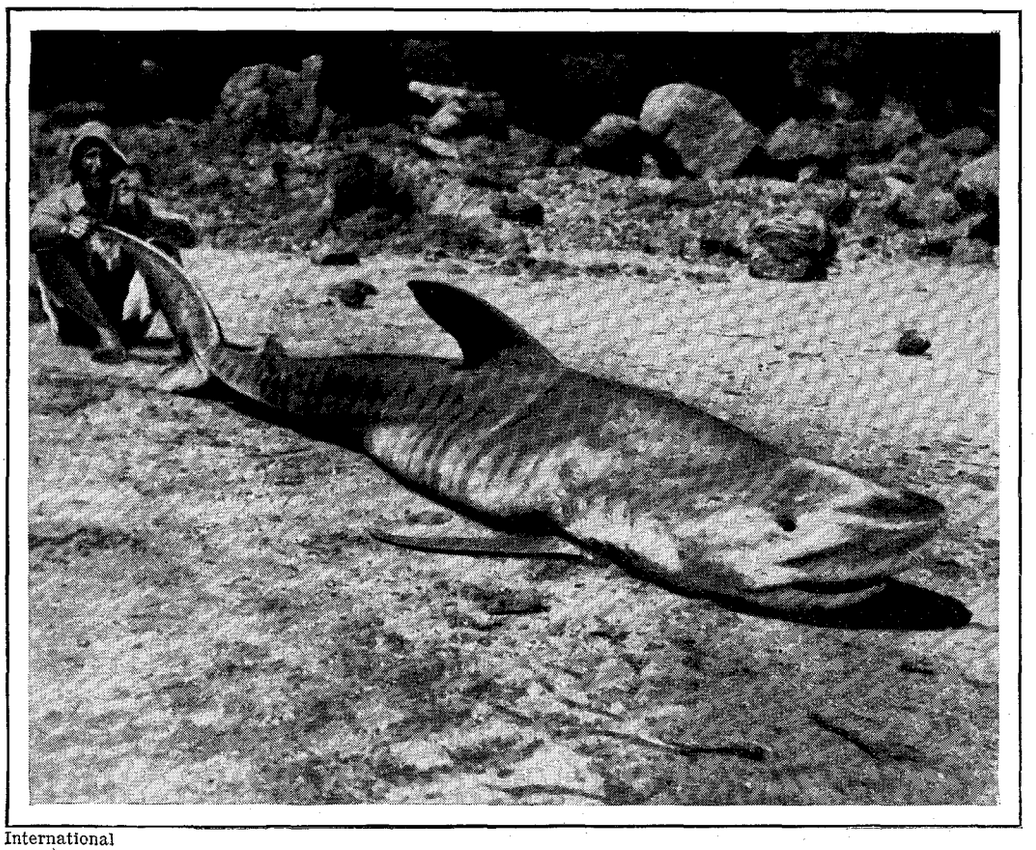
(Probably not Barbless)

Seems to Take its Capture as a Joke

This is said to be the largest sawfish ever taken. It was caught in West Indian waters, near Jamaica, by Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hodges, whose yacht it towed for five hours after being hooked. It weighed 5,700 pounds



International



International

A Huge Shark Taken with Hook and Line

Mr. Hodges, the captor of the sawfish shown above, also captured this shark, a monster 20 feet long and weighing 1,760 pounds

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The Book Table

Dust of Mexican Revolutions

By Gregory Mason

THE Mexicans say that once the dust of their country has settled on your heart, there can be no rest for you in any other land. Many proverbs are as easy as lies and as superficial, but this proverb is revealing—and true. No one who has ever visited Mexico is neutral about it—as one can be neutral about Holland or England. If the dust didn't reach your heart, you may hate Mexico for its *cacti* and *insecti*, forgetting its purple mountains, its gorgeous painted cloud banks, and never comprehending its spirit—a mixture of beauty, cruelty, fun, and whimsy bearing traces of relationship to More's Utopia, Alice's Wonderland, Dante's Inferno, the mind of Lord Dunsany, and the laugh of Al Jolson. But if the dust went deep enough you will love Mexico not only for its obvious charms but—yes, for these very *cacti* and *insecti*. There is something revolutionary about the dust of Mexico, something upsetting to ordinary values. In no country is the annoying so apt to be amusing, tragedy so close to comedy.

Observers of the frequency of political revolutions south of the Rio Grande have often charged that the Mexicans have no patriotism. In the sense in which the word is used in the United States and Europe the Mexicans are not patriotic. As a clever American woman has said, "the Mexicans have no feeling that their country belongs to them, no sense of responsibility for its welfare." The men engaged in the present revolution are not concerned by the fact that before they can succeed there must inevitably be destroyed some of the schools, public buildings, and railways which President Obregon has built or improved.

Nevertheless the love of the Mexican for Mexico is not surpassed by the love of any other national for *his* country. Only—mark this—the Mexican's love is not the solid affection of a man for his wife, it is the turbulent passion of a man who beats, slashes, or caresses his mate according to his mood.

All this helps to explain why such patriots as the *caballeros* who have begun the clamor for President Obregon's scalp hate to remain in far or extended exile. San Antonio, Texas, is all too far, and many of these *patriotes* have lingered within the borders of the estate of their distracting mistress at imminent danger to their own necks.

But we write here primarily of the love of foreigners for Mexico, and the following generality may be set down in all soberness: *In proportion to the number of foreigners who visit it, no other country arouses so much ardent regard in men of alien race as Mexico.*

This enthusiasm for the land of Montezuma creeps into even the style of the men who write guide-books. There has just been published a new edition of that invaluable book, "Terry's Guide to Mexico."[1] Since the accuracy of the information is not impaired by it, one welcomes the author's display of fervor for the beauty of Cuernavaca climate or Guadalajara skies or Tehuantepec women, with "all their grace of form and dress, . . . a felicitous blend of southern Spain, of the Orient, of Mexico and the lotus-eating tropics." This edition has been brought up to date and increased in usefulness with a résumé of Mexico's recent kaleidoscopic history and with chapters on Cuba, the Bahama Islands, and the ocean routes to Mexico. Written in the Baedeker form, it has the same reliability, but more stylistic charm than its model. No one should visit Mexico without it.

A shorter presentation of information about Mexico is contained in the "Anglo-South American Handbook,"[2] which has sections dealing with Central America and Cuba as well as Mexico. This very commendable work is not strictly a guide-book, but it contains much useful information for any one whose commercial or industrial connections involve affairs in the country which Cecil Rhodes called "the richest for its size in the world."

If the plodding compiler of guide-books cannot restrain his personal ardor for Mexico, no more can the sober sociologist. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross begins his study of "The Social Revolution in Mexico"[3] with a delightful rhapsody about the scenery and the climate. One is a bit nonplused, however, by his declaration that "you reflect what a paradise this Mexico might be if it possessed the moral character and the social institutions of the descendants of the Puritans." Somehow it is difficult to imagine a Puritan in a brilliant *serape* dancing the jarave or roaring out that rollicking song, "La Cucuracha" (The Cockroach)! Still, one has known rare "descendants of the Puritans" who professed to prefer the society of the late Pancho Villa to the society of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. And all can agree that Mexicans would be improved if they could acquire that solid sense of social responsibility which citizens of the United States possess without losing that "racial gift of sensitiveness to beauty" which Professor Ross rightfully considers one of the best traits of the Mexican people.

This author reports much of interest about the awakening of labor in Mexico and about recent governmental attempts to solve the land problem. Two thousand, or about one-third, of the towns of Mexico are in provisional possession of communal land, while five hundred and twenty villages have had their titles to such property definitely established.

Professor Ross thinks Mexico is a "very sick society," but he is not without optimism. Perhaps his most important conclusion is that the hope of Mexico lies in the education of her children, for he has no faith in the adult generation. The younger masses must be given "hope" and "knowledge of living properly," for "there can be no doubt that these people abound in unplumbed possibilities."

Writing, like Professor Ross, just before the outbreak of the present revolution, Dr. E. J. Dillon expressed the conviction that future outbreaks—if any—would come from the propertied interests. But, whereas the Wisconsin sociologist had in mind the landowners of Mexican blood, the British publicist was thinking of foreign capitalists, especially American capitalists. The title[4] of Dr. Dillon's book is not altogether happy, for Dr. Dillon's volume is much wider in scope than it would be if it confined itself to the personality and policies of Alvaro Obregon. For American readers the more interesting part of it is a damnation of the policy of their country toward Mexico in every detail. Dr. Dillon avers that he believes that the American public is good-hearted, even altruistic, but he looks upon the shapers of our country's

[1] Terry's Guide to Mexico. By T. Philip Terry, F.R.G.S. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

[2] The Anglo-South American Handbook. Edited by W. H. Koebel. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

[3] The Social Revolution in Mexico. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

[4] President Obregon—A World Reformer. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $3.

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foreign policy throughout Latin America as pirates posing as pious uplifters. Not only does he consider the imperialism of the United States to be the chief obstacle to Mexican regeneration, but he declares that our Government has played the high-handed tyrant to one republic after another along the shores of the Caribbean. "'Cleaning up' and 'uplifting' countries which nature has endowed with mineral wealth is one of the specialties of North American politicians," announces Dr. Dillon, who at least would have appeared more graceful if he had added, "and of British politicians."

There is not space here to weigh Dr. Dillon's arguments. There is space to point out that whoever reads his book will acquire a familiarity with an unflattering view of Uncle Sam rather widely entertained in Latin America.

And now, having reserved the pleasantest for the last, let us turn to the writing of a man who knows Mexico down to the very sting of the sand and stab of the cactus. Wallace Smith's book [5] is not sociology, but he devotes a very telling chapter to depicting a certain type of white riffraff which, in choosing the border as the scene of operations, has cast discredit on the decent citizenry of that section and has been responsible for much bad feeling between Mexico and the United States and for individual deaths innumerable.

Indeed, it is hard to classify Wallace Smith's book, and that is one of its charms. Most of it has both the ring of fact and the glamour of fiction. George Borrow wrote this way, and George Borrow, incidentally, if alive and unknown to-day, would get little encouragement from most modern publishers. For there seems to be a stupid convention in the publishing world that every book must be either a "straight adventure novel," "an out-and-out realistic novel," a "definite collection of short stories," an indisputably serious study, or some other of a few stereotyped forms. Mr. Smith's publishers have shown courage as well as taste.

Who Wallace Smith is we do not know, but that he, "himself personal," as "The Bad Man" would say, is *muy hombre* we would wager our chances of going to Mexico when we die. Smith has been a bandit, and he writes of Mexico at its banditest. In memorable English he has preserved legends, traditions, stories familiar to every one who knew the Mexico of Johnny Roberts, "Matador" Fierro, and Pancho Villa, a Mexico almost unbelievably bloody, melodramatic, tragic, entertaining.

[5] The Little Tigress: Tales Out of the Dust of Mexico. By Wallace Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Little by little the great Villa legend is taking literary form. Johnny Roberts talked it. John Reed heard, and made the first written contribution in his "Insurgent Mexico," a cracking good book, by the way, for a dull evening. Lincoln Steffens added his share to the bandit saga in tales which some publisher ought to put between book covers. Now Smith adds his bit, and it is high praise to say that his bit does not fall below the best of Reed and Steffens.

One or two of Smith's first tales suffer a little because of an evident intention to follow the conventional magazine short-story form. But when he begins to tell in his own way what he has seen on the march, in camp, in battle, he is putting on paper a Mexico as authentic as that of Charles Flandrau. In sketches like "Dust of Mexico," "A Desert Day," and *"Quien Vive"* he attains a skill in the creation of a mood, an atmosphere, which not even Stephen Crane surpassed.

The temptation to quote defies the editorial admonition to be brief. Read the following, and deny if you can that Smith knows Mexico:

> They breathed deeply the cool, alkali air. It had changed just in the few steps across the border. Here was the sharp taste in the air that is the smell of Mexico—that has in it, vaguely, burning, dry wood, the suffocating powder of the desert and the dripping of earthen water bottles hung just inside tall, shadowy doors.

At the end the character El Humoristo, who one guesses is the author himself, goes back to die in the country loved by foreigners who fall under its spell as not even Italy is loved. Here, if editors and compositors will permit, is El Humoristo's farewell letter to a friend in the United States:

> And so I go back to the desert again. To fill my nostrils with the rare, sweet smell that comes at dawn; to feed my eyes on the glorious colors that paint the hill and sky. A pink mission with green, bronze bells. I want to hear the cathedral bells at dusk in some *jasmina patio* and see the ancient city turned to soft silver and ebony shadows at moonlight. I want to be alone in the desert at night and feel the sky folding down over me. I want to ride again with my *compañeros* who sing with the hearts of children and die with the hearts of heroes. Whose life is always a graceful gesture.
>
> Mexico has been cruel to me, but I cannot deny my love for her. I would rather die slowly there—as the good doctor says I assuredly shall—than live anywhere else with an empty heart, with an eternal homesickness.
>
> There is a saying that once the dust of Mexico has settled on your heart there can be no rest for you in any other land. *Adios!*

The New Books

FICTION

CROATAN. By Mary Johnston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Croatan was the name of a small island off what is now the coast of North Carolina but in the early days was part of Virginia. The Croatan Indians probably absorbed the white survivors of the little colony left by John White in 1587. When he returned from England after long delay, the only trace of the colony was the name Croatan carved on a tree. Virginia Dare, the first child born in America of English parents, is the heroine of this romance—and a charming heroine she is. "The Croatan" has just the right tinge of historical flavor; the earlier part is admirable in its plain but picturesque narrative; the reader's interest holds to the end, although he may find the latter part a trifle too mystical (or misty) in diction.

MARAGATAN SPHINX (THE). By Concha Espina. Translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This tale tells of a remote Spanish district. The sorrow and wretchedness of its poverty-bound life are unrelieved by any lightness. The story is pathetic in the fullest sense. Miraflor struggles under the terrible problem as to whether she shall yield to the urgent necessity of marrying the young man picked out for her—a typical, arrogant, masterly, overbearing young fellow—and thereby extricate her family from extreme poverty, or shall remain faithful to her love for a poet she has met casually. The end is morally tragic, for the poet, after a long absence, finds that what he has had is a feeling of romance rather than a deep love, and in a letter which Miraflor gets at a critical moment practically gives her up. So the girl marries the other man and the tale ends. The novel won the highest prize in the gift of the Spanish Academy. It is a true piece of literature as well as a vivid description of an out-of-the-world corner where live the remnant of a peculiar race.

NOT WANTED. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75c.

A better study of boy and father psychology has rarely, if ever, been made than in this little story. Each as here described cares a great deal for the other, but they are separated widely by circumstances, and when the boy's

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mother dies the lack of any demonstration of affection gradually pulls the two apart, the shyness or reserve of each reacting on the other. This is not an uncommon condition as between boys and fathers. How it grew and how it was changed into open and manly regard is told in a charming and humorous way.

POETRY

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1923. The B. J. Brimmer Company, Boston. $3.

There is of course no more certain way of inviting dissatisfied comment than to publish an anthology. If Mr. Braithwaite's annual compilation is offered, in any exact sense, as a treasure-house of the poetry of distinction published in American magazines during the year, it must submit to a number of questions suggested by sound critical judgment. By this standard, the covers have included those things which they should not have included, and have failed to include those things which they should have included. But Mr. Braithwaite has made no claim of such an intention, and in presenting—as he evidently aims to do—a cross-section of more or less comprehensive proportions of the poetry of the day he need only succeed in making the contents fairly representative. This he has done. Here are something more than two hundred poems by the well-known, the less well-known, and the little-known American writers of verse. There is a great variety of theme and method, and poetry for all tastes. The volume includes a brief survey of the poetic field by the compiler and a number of lists of poetic activities of one kind and another.

Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

IMPRESSIONS THAT REMAINED. Vols. I and II. By Ethel Smyth. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4.

LIFE AND REIGN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH (THE). By Cora L. Scofield. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $16.

HIGHWAYMEN. By Charles J. Finger. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $3.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

TOGETHER. By Norman Douglas. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

CONSERVATISM, RADICALISM AND SCIENTIFIC METHOD. By A. B. Wolfe. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

INQUISITION (THE). By Hoffman Nickerson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

REVOLUTION IN IRELAND (THE). By W. Alison Phillips. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4.

MISCELLANEOUS

COUNTRY FOLK. By Peter H. Ditchfield. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

BOOK OF ENTERTAINMENTS AND THEATRICALS (A). By Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

College Notes

Wellesley.—There are 402 Wellesley freshmen this year, as compared with 424 a year ago, the result of a long process of elimination from 1,119 registrants originally. The Faculty will probably reduce the number still further in the near future. In the entering class there are 26 Elizabeths, 20 Dorothys, and only one Elheurah.

Penn State.—Penn State, it is announced, will admit a small-sized class of freshmen at the beginning of the second semester in January. They will take the place of those that depart at that time. If it is a good time to throw men out of college, then it ought to be a good time to let them in.

Amherst.—Evidently advertising pays. As an aftermath of the Meiklejohn episode of last June, Amherst has the largest enrollment in its history, and a greater number of students than ever before have transferred from other colleges. Then there is also the fact that President Calvin Coolidge is an Amherst man.

Yale.—At Yale the large dining-hall has been transformed into a cafeteria, where nearly 1,200 students eat every day. There are separate service apartments for upper-class men, so that the 600 out of 850 freshmen using the hall are not brought in contact with their refining influence. The average check is 45 cents.

Northwestern.—Northwestern hopes that the first million dollars is the hardest, as it has recently completed twenty per cent of the building and endowment fund of $5,000,000, although the campaign did not begin until October 22.

Lehigh.—Jazz music is now being furnished with meals at Lehigh, but thus far the College authorities have not reduced the price of board in the dining-halls on that account.

Ohio State.—Warren G. Harding entered Ohio State this fall. He is the son of Dr. George T. Harding, Jr., of Worthington, Ohio, and the nephew and namesake of the late President. Quite appropriately, he is enrolled in the College of Commerce and Journalism.

Hawaii.—Gay colors predominate on the campus of the University of Hawaii this year. The senior class is wearing sombreros with brilliantly colored hat-bands encircling the crowns, which have been imported from California.

Cornell.—The Nineteenth Amendment evidently is not looked upon with favor at Cornell. The Alumni Corporation at its recent meeting failed to amend the University charter, and as a result there will be no women trustees—at least for the present.

Bowdoin.—It isn't every college president who is handed a check for $500,000 at chapel exercises. President Sills, of Bowdoin, had this experience a while ago, the sum being a bequest from Edward H. Blake, who was a member of the class of 1872.

Princeton.—The new academic freedom just adopted by Princeton provides no rigid rule for class-room attendance. Upper-class men are allowed to go and come as they wish, as long as their studies do not suffer as a consequence. However, it is to be presumed that they are expected to be present at examinations and at athletic contests.

Dartmouth.—John Drinkwater, the English novelist, and Hilaire Belloc, the poet, are announced as among the speakers for the year at the Arts, the Dartmouth organization.

Vermont.—Six women are studying medicine at the University of Vermont Medical School. There are 923 students in the academic college, 125 in the School of Medicine, and 112 in the teacher-training course.

James Bryce and Theodore Roosevelt

OUR attention has been called to the statement in Mr. J. D. Whelpley's correspondence from England to the effect that a certain antagonism existed between Mr. Roosevelt and Lord Bryce. The existence of such antagonism has been authoritatively denied. Moreover, the impression given in that correspondence that the acquaintance between Theodore Roosevelt and Lord Bryce began with Mr. Bryce's appointment as Ambassador is erroneous, for that friendship really dated from the time when Mr. Roosevelt was a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six and just about to enter upon his political work in the New York Legislature. It has also been denied authoritatively that the unfriendliness extended to the members of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. It is asserted, on the contrary, that Mr. Bryce's friendship with them, which began when he went to Washington, lasted to the end of his life. The evidence of this is not only the testimony of those who know, but the fact that there are also in existence many letters of Mr. Roosevelt to Lord Bryce and of Lord Bryce to Mr. Roosevelt written in the terms of warmest friendship and affection.

We are glad to make this statement, for it comes to us from a source which is indubitable. THE EDITORS.

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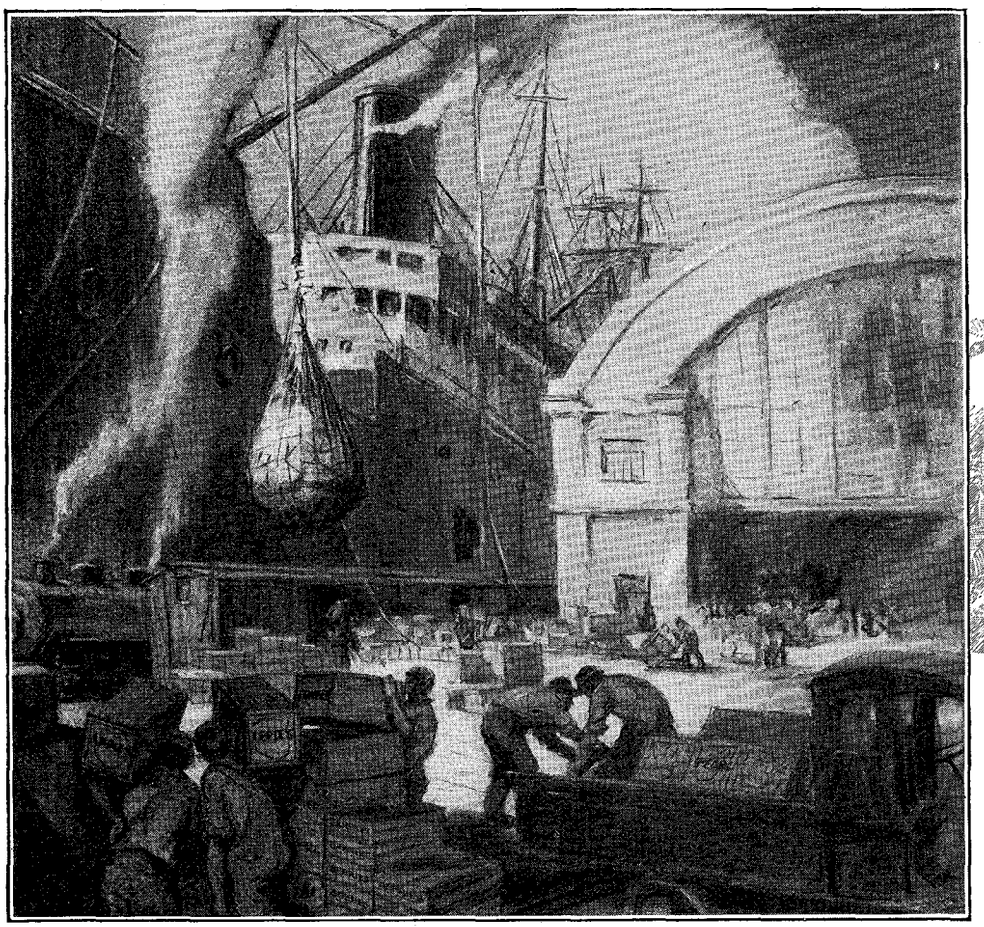

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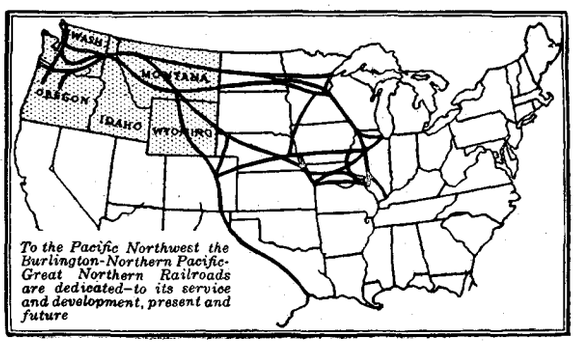

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New Year Investments

THE writer of this article used to be employed by a trust company which made a specialty of what are known as personal trusts. That is to say, trusts of various kinds created by individuals for the benefit of other individuals; persons, in other words, and not corporations. On the first day of January each year during his clerkship the writer used to catch the half-past six train in the morning and journey from his home in the suburbs to the financial district of New York City. Arrived at the trust company, he immediately began, in company with other blear-eyed clerks, to open the great stacks of mail lying on the counter. In the majority of envelopes were checks in payment of interest or

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dividends on the securities held in the company's vaults in trust for various individuals living in all parts of the world. There were many, many hundreds of these beneficiaries, and the sum of the moneys received for their account reached an amazingly high total. It required several hours of fast, accurate work to sort and list the checks received and to make certain that the amounts due had been paid. The work done on January 1 was preliminary to the actual task of allocating the various sums to their proper accounts; but it had to be done, and done on that day if the whole office was not to be swamped the day following.

The first of every month is an unusually busy time in any bank or trust company, but the busiest times of all are the first of January and of July. January 1 is more active than July 1, for on the first of each year more bonds mature and are paid off than at any other time during the twelve calendar months. Which is to say that with the first of every new year the investors of this country have a larger supply of cash on hand than at any other period. This is a recognized fact in the investment market, although it may not be as true now as it was some years ago, for there is a growing tendency to scatter interest and dividend payment dates more evenly throughout the year. January first, however, still calls for the largest disbursements of cash, and the total runs up into many millions of dollars.

A large amount of this money is reinvested, a practice to be commended highly. Investing interest and dividends is analogous to compounding interest on a savings bank account. Reinvesting the principal of bonds which have matured and been paid is keeping one's capital intact, and what a man has saved he should, except under unusual circumstances, keep. Insurance companies, banks, trust companies, and practically all institutions with invested funds recognize that this is so, and the first of the year reinvestment demands on the part of these concerns is enormous. Bonds are the investments they are interested in, and as a result of their reinvestment requirements the demand for high-grade bonds is usually brisk in early January, bond salesmen find business good, and the bond market can customarily be counted upon to be active and strong.

Is there any reason why individuals should not reinvest their principal, in line with the practice of these institutions? It seems to us there is every reason why they should. Further, it seems to us that if people would get into the habit of saving and investing all sums received as dividends and interest the effect on securities and on the country as a whole would be so great as to be almost startling. The individual sums need not be large, but in the aggregate they would constitute scores of millions of dollars, and these dollars made available for legitimate enterprise and production would increase this Nation's prosperity by leaps and by bounds.

We know a man who buys a hundred-dollar real estate mortgage bond every month, and when he has ten he exchanges them for a bond of $1,000 denomination. We know another man who has been putting $100 a month into a savings bank, where he receives 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly. We know another man who puts $50 a month into his local building and loan association, and at the end of ten years will take out $10,000, having actually put $6,000 in. Still another man told us a few days ago that he started last summer to buy from five to ten shares every month of a stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange rated with the highest-grade stock investments, par $10, selling about 10½, and paying 60 cents a share a year in dividends; it has an active and stable market and would seem to offer most attractive inducements to the man with little money who wants a good investment yielding nearly 6 per cent. It is surprising how fast money will accumulate if it is given a chance.

Another man we know has an interesting investment plan. He saves all the money he can, and, as his aim is to provide protection for his wife and children, he invests it only in the highest-grade securities. He can afford to run no risks of losing that money, he feels, and in order to be satisfied on the score of safety is obliged to be content with a lower return than he would otherwise like. He endeavors to compensate himself for this, however, in a rather ingenious way: the income from his investments he reinvests in a different type of security, not speculative necessarily, but securities which do not fully meet all the tests of investments of the first grade, and which, on that account, yield a higher return. For instance, his principal may be in municipal bonds, first mortgage, railway, industrial, and public utility issues, and in the very best real estate mortgage bonds, and his average yield is slightly under five per cent. The interest on these bonds he uses for the purchase of preferred and the better class of common stocks, issues generally regarded as suitable for a man who can

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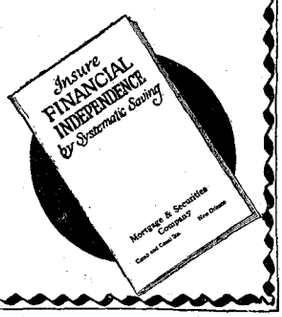

afford a certain amount of risk. Thus he increases the average yield of his total holdings and at the same time his original principal remains undisturbed; and he adds to it a regular fixed sum each year, a sum with which he buys the very safest securities he can find. Similarly, if one of his bonds matures he reinvests the proceeds only in "gilt edged" bonds. This scheme has worked out very well for our friend, and the only trouble is that the lure of higher yield may some day endanger his resolve to stick to the very best securities so far as his principal is concerned. This lure is a real one, and one that not all people can resist indefinitely; it has proved the downfall of many a man whose resolutions have been of the best.

A good slogan for investors was suggested to us by an advertising man the other day. "Buy good securities from good investment houses," he advised, and he is quite right. It is taken for granted of course that all investors should buy good securities, but too little emphasis is sometimes laid upon the kind of concern the investor should transact business with. A good house is a guaranty of fair dealing and satisfactory business relationship; further, and more important, a good house does not try to sell its clients and customers securities in which it has no faith, so that dealings with a reputable, experienced concern lessen the chances of the inexperienced investor buying disreputable securities. Think of this when you have some money available for investment purposes.

Think, too, when you get your dividend check on January 1, and you collect the interest due on your bond, whether it is better to spend that money on a new robe for the motor car or put it in the savings bank and let it grow to the size of a share of stock or a hundred-dollar bond. The robe will wear out, but money properly invested goes on forever, and, like a snowball rolling down hill, gathers size and strength as it proceeds. Perhaps you'll have enough to reinvest without any further delay or any further saving, and that may mean your income is large, or it may mean you are wise enough to recognize that there are investments at hand for sums of all sizes. In any event, it is to be hoped that you are one of those who will start the new year with a payment from some invested principal, and therefore be able to take it personally when you hear or read of the January dividend and interest disbursements and the expected reinvestment demand.

Sucker Psychology

By Charles Phelps Cushing

We have heard enough horrified gasps at the effrontery of Dr. Frederick A. Cook; enough propounding of the question—in mere rhetorical fashion—"How did he ever have the brass to step out again after he had twice been discredited?" The answer is, he thoroughly understood the psychology of the sucker. Cycle after cycle, the sucker gets plucked; then blossoms again and ripens and invites another plucking. Our authority for this observation is one F. S. Reissig, head of a department in Topeka, Kansas, for the protection of the local public against "blue sky" operators. Kansas was the first State in the Union to write a "blue sky law" upon her statute-books, and Mr. Reissig can cite from extensive historical data.

He says that he thinks that the owners of sucker lists have observed that a "prospect" will stand the gaff about once every third year; and that the Doc Cook tribes govern themselves accordingly. In evidence Mr. Reissig produces the records of one outfit which "invariably paid a dividend on its stock the second year, came back the third year and sold more stock—and then blew up." Other outfits, he notes, operate in any given neighborhood for one busy year; then "drop out" for two years, to come back in the third and "work" the same list once more. "I don't know how these promoters figure it," he philosophizes, "but I suppose that during the first year that a man owns such a stock he is hopeful. During the second year he is sore, and won't buy anything. By the third year he has calmed down and is ready again to respond to the blandishments of a first-class stock salesman."

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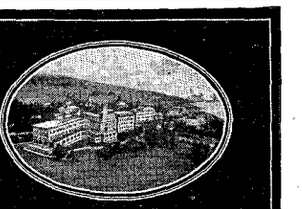

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WANTED—Consecrated Christian woman, from 25 to 35, as visitor in New York church. Good health, personality, and willingness to be of service are all desirable. Service, 4,539, Outlook.

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COMPANION of culture and refinement for lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., partially paralyzed. Preferably one interested in occupational therapy. 4,571, Outlook.

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TEACHER—College preparatory Latin and some Spanish for resident position in girls' school in East. 4,567, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER, companion, fill in daughter's place in elderly home of means. Gentlewoman wishes position. 4,565, Outlook.

COMPANION—In the home or traveling. Lived and traveled with woman friend twenty years. References. 4,555, Outlook.

YOUNG woman going to California middle of January will act as chaperon or companion for remuneration. 4,556, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position as companion to lady, New Jersey. References exchanged. 4,558, Outlook.

WANTED, by woman of refinement, position as companion, housekeeper. Free to travel. 4,560, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged lady desires position as companion to elderly lady, preferably to party going South. Best references. 4,566, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, matron, home, small inn, hotel. Woman, experienced, wishes position. 4,564, Outlook.

YOUNG lady useful in home—companion, secretary or helper. Music, French, sewing, etc. Best rsferences. 4,570, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced traveler, wishes position as traveling companion to lady or couple, or as traveling chaperon to young women, abroad or on this continent. References required and given. Reply 4,567, Outlook.

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TEACHING governess and companion for backward child. Experienced. 4,533, Outlook.

MATHEMATICS, expert tutoring in high school and first year college subjects. Experience in public and private schools, and in preparation for college entrance board examinations. References. 4,552, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position, beginning January. 4,557, Outlook.

REFINED, cultured American. Nursery governess. Thorough experience physical care and general training. Best references. 4,562, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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By the Way

WE sometimes fail to realize that the age of religious devotion is still a part of our own times. This fact, however, is brought home to us by an incident we find recorded in the American Bible Society's annual report. A colporteur is describing his work in distributing the Bible in a remote region in Mexico. He says: "A mob gathered shouting for the Virgin, the patron saint of the village. On being summoned before the president, he forbade us to sell books. Finally we made our way to the park in the center of the town, and sat down on one of the benches. Then some women came and bought Gospels, but they tore them to bits and threw them into our faces. Then a woman came upon us with a knife in her hand. She struck me with great force with her hand, first on one side of the face and then on the other. But I felt a great calmness all the time, and knew that God was taking care of me." Such men are of the stuff of which the martyrs were made.

In a Southern woman's recollections of Civil War times, published in "The Industrial Student," a novel means of obtaining salt, resorted to in those days, is described. "A common practice," she says, "on the part of people who sadly missed salt as an ingredient of their food, was to dig up the earth floors of the smokehouses and by a sort of distilling process get out of the earth the salt that had dripped from the pork and other meats that had been cured in the smokehouse." This made a fairly good substitute for the real salt that could no longer be obtained from the closed channels of commerce.

From "Punch:"

Mother—"Which do you think the baby is most like, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith (meaning kindly)—"Well, to tell yer the truth, I think 'e's just escaped bein' like either of yer."

One of Huxley's letters to Agassiz was printed in this column a few weeks ago, praising congenial work as the secret of happiness. A subscriber calls attention to a letter of Thomas Carlyle to his friend Arthur Helps, written during an illness, saying: ". . . On the whole we must just sit still, and not make matters worse. . . . A little work; oh, if one could do a little work—and one can't; and there is no other salve to our many woes."

A paragraph in "A History of Travel in America" reads like a bit from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In the early part of the last century, it seems, a band of highwaymen infested the region of northern Mississippi, and the Territory offered a reward of $500 for the capture of their leader. Two of the band turned traitor and slew their chief to obtain the money. They concluded to take the robber's head, for identification, to the town of Natchez. The authorities paid over the reward, and then arrested, tried, and executed the bandits. As no heirs appeared to claim their estate—consisting of the aforesaid five hundred dollars—the money duly reverted to the treasury of the commonwealth!

From "The Purple and Gold," official organ of the Chi Psi Fraternity, we take this excellent short sermon on the necessity of having "atmosphere" for getting the best results from study:

"To make studying possible, there must be a conducive set of surroundings. Have a separate large room for studying, where quiet must be the rule. Don't choose a room looking out upon the busy street or into the coeds' rendezvous. Choose a study and make it a study. From morning until 8:30 at night the house can be free and gay. After 8:30 there should be quiet. In a strictly academic college, where there is not much mathematical or scientific work to do, the time after 8:30 is sufficient. In technical schools you may have to start the dull at eight."

From the "Oregon Lemon Punch:"

"What became of that gate you and your girl used to swing on?"

"She gave it to me."

The old joke about the Yankee farmer who mixed sawdust with cornmeal and fed it to a blind horse, claiming that as the horse could not see what he was eating he got full benefit from the sawdust, is, the "Rural New Yorker" affirms, no longer a joke. Sawdust, it says, is being fed to dairy cattle with reasonable results. Of course it is not pure sawdust. It is treated chemically by a process called hydrolizing. This converts a portion of the wood fiber into sugar, and changes the rest into a more or less digestible substance. "The conclusion is that this sawdust may be substituted for corn and barley without affecting the normal milk flow"—that is, when used as a mixture with grain.

From the "Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Day:"

"Try a sample of the stuff before you buy it," hissed the bootlegger. "But suppose it kills me?" "Well, it's my loss then, ain't it?"

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